

THE ROUND TABLE.

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H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER, CONDUCTORS
OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

PHANTOMS OF WINTER.

CRUNCHING 'neath my heavy footsteps
Yields the crispy frosted snow;
Cruelly the north-winds blow;
And there comes no tinkling murmur
From the quiet glen below.

Silver-voiced, the little brooklet,
Sings no more the pleasant tune
That it sung to me in June;
And the sere leaves on the branches
Chatter sadly to the moon.

In the soft'ning shades of twilight
Twinkles lone one starry eye,
In the calm eternal sky;
And the gray hills by the river,
Bare and wasted, sleeping lie.

Sad and drear the fitful night wind
Moans among the pine-tops high—
Wails among the laurels by,
And, despairing of a shelter,
Sobs with disappointed sigh.

Perching on the rustling branches,
Where the trailing wild vine clings,
Shadows softly fold their wings;
And, through terror of the darkness,
Nestle close, like living things.

Slowly through the stunted fir trees,
See the trooping darkness creep;
Shapeless grows the craggy steep:
Draped with blackness dream the islands,
Where the icy waters sleep.

Must'ring in the deep'ning shadows,
Phantoms rush from bleak ravines;
From the coverts of the pines;
From lone haunts by woodland waters,
Beetling crags, and caves, and mines.

Cold and chill their wings they flutter
By my creeping, stiff'ning hair,
As they cleave the icy air;
And I hear their myriad columns
Sweeping o'er the furrows bare.

Mystic ones! we are not strangers—
We have known another shore—
Ye have stirred my heart before!
Voices! ye are all-pervading;
Ye are whisp'ring ever more.

Darkness closes in the landscape;
Once again in march sublime
NIGHT has clasped the hand of TIME,
And the trooping stars, in gladness,
Sing, full-choired, Earth's natal hymn.

J. M.

COLONEL SMITH AND MAJOR BROWN.

IT is generally supposed that the war has come to an end. An impression has gone abroad that the great armies have been disbanded. We have been told that the Sanitary Commission is summing up the

whole matter in a mammoth record, and that something like a dozen historians are busy compiling authentic memorials of the great contest. The sudden impetus given to every branch of business enterprise leads to a conviction that peace is at hand. The railroad companies venture to take passengers to any part of the Union, whence it is supposed that the way is no longer blocked by armed troops. In fact, there is a great deal of evidence in favor of the theory that the rebellion is ended. Only one thing stands in the way of this belief, and that is something which we have to say about two very distinguished personages, Colonel Smith and Major Brown.

Great is a man with titles, but none so great as the hero of a dozen battles. Such an one is Colonel Smith and his and everybody's friend, Major Brown. These gentlemen were thought to have lost their military avocations some months ago. And, with the doffing of the insignia of war, it was also imagined that they would quietly renounce all right and claim to the titles which they had held. But, somehow or other, this does not appear to be the result; and so the shadow, if not the reality, of martial glory is thrust before us at every turn. Plain Mr. John Smith and unimportant Mr. Brown are addressed as Colonel and Major, and are likely to be until another age of heroes shall eclipse the past. The country is, moreover, full of these dignitaries, even more so than at any period of the war. They receive their letters addressed to their military cognomens; they are introduced in society as lieutenants, colonels, majors, and generals; their adoring friends embrace every opportunity to perpetuate the title; they have elegant cards printed with all the appellations possible; and, in fact, the almost universal presence of martial magnates leads us to doubt sometimes if, indeed, the clash and clangor of arms have ceased.

Citizen Smith and Citizen Brown were brave soldiers, and earned well the titles of colonel and major. As long as the war continued, there was every reason why due care should be taken to preserve the dignity of their several stations. Or, if they had seen fit to join the regular army, no one could possibly have complained if they had aspired to military titles clear down to the day of their tombstones. But the war has not continued, and the day that Brown and Smith were mustered out of the service, that day they lost all proprietorship in the cognomens of colonel and major, and there is every reason why they should then have returned to the rank and file of the untitled citizen. Not that anybody will forget their heroism and fidelity in the hour of trial. This is all and well remembered. But it needs no trumpeting of dead titles to keep it in mind. And the sooner that Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith request their friends to abstain from superfluous honors, the pleasanter it will be for all who know them, and especially for those who served under them. The majority of the officers in the army were young men. If these are to be known through all their lives by the titles they have borne in the army, there is a burden for the future from which we beg to be delivered. And most of all since there is a nation to be restored to unity and harmony, and to accomplish this some things are to be forgotten on both sides, it especially becomes our martial heroes to lay aside, as far as possible, the garb and titular rank of their office.

It is wonderful with what ease titles are gained and retained in this country. A few weeks in a physician's office insures the perpetual cognomen of "doctor;" a teacher in an academy is "professor;" a notary-public soon becomes "hon.;" a student at the seminary is "rev.;" and a militia sergeant passes about freely as "major" or "colonel." And the affliction of the matter consists in the fact that, once

obtained, these distinctions are preserved through life. The consequence is that the number of quacks is appalling. There are so many men claiming professional honors who are simply charlatans, that it is almost impossible to tell the true from the false. But in military matters it is worst of all. We are introduced to Major Brown, and, of course, suppose the rank given to be an actual one. We imagine the hero before us to be a knight of war fresh from the grim haunts of sanguinary conflict. A moment after we are face to face with the distinguished Colonel Smith. Before we have had time to recognize properly so much of glory personified, up steps a dapper little genius who is pronounced captain. In fact the parlor becomes a battle-field in miniature. Officers are abundant, and it needs only a blast of artillery and the sound of drums to reproduce the wild wanton of war. Alas! for so much greatness. How small are Colonel Smith and Major Brown and the mustached captain when reduced to plain untitled citizens!

To speak more seriously of what is, in fact, a nuisance, we say that no true officer who has served in the army, but who is now mustered out, will desire to have his warrior cognomen preserved. It sounds out of place and out of taste in society; it is not a pleasant encumbrance in business, on the street, in newspaper reports; and, in fact, in any and all places where men are wont to be spoken of, written of, or conversed with.

THE REVIVAL OF METAPHYSICAL STUDY IN ENGLAND.

SOME forty years ago the German philosopher, Hegel, in the introduction to his "Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences," made himself merry over the base uses to which the word philosophy was put in the English speech; as in the phrases, "philosophical instruments," "Journal of Philosophy," including chemistry, mineralogy and kindred subjects, and especially in the title of a book, "The Art of Preserving Hair on Philosophical Principles, price 7s. 6d." And at that time, when Germany was stirred to its most intense thought upon the great problems of metaphysical speculation, England was content with teaching in its chief schools the low utilitarianism of Paley and the semi-sensational theories of Locke, without any earnest discussion of their grounds and reasons. At that time Coleridge alone was protesting with an inspiration that seemed to many a kind of philosophical frenzy against the low estate of "divine philosophy;" and he woke up a new spirit of speculation and criticism in a few select minds. The circle has been widening ever since. In Scotland there was more of philosophic life and eagerness. Dr. Thomas Brown, with all his defects, kindled enthusiasm among his hearers and readers. Then came Sir William Hamilton, with his ponderous learning, his acute analysis, his logical "discoveries," and his impracticable metaphysics, resolving all our knowledge of the infinite and absolute into the very negation or impotence of thought, and proclaiming, on the highest subjects, nescience to be wisdom; supplementing, however, his metaphysical negations by a sturdy faith, which is above and superior to all mere thought, and which gives us the ultimate basis for morals and religion. Professor Mansel, of Oxford, took up the same strain, and, by his noted Bampton lectures on the "Limits of Religious Thought," awakened a controversy which has brought into discussion the main questions as to the very foundation not only of rational, but also of religious and moral truth. This was, at first, but the English echo to the Scotch speculations, but it is now assuming wider proportions.

In Scotland, too, Professor Ferrier, of Aberdeen, ar

acute, brilliant, and opinionated writer, dared to revive the old word "metaphysics" as the title of a book, and published an "Institute of Metaphysics," revising and extending the subjective idealism of Berkeley, and contending vigorously against the general Hamiltonian scheme. The successor of Hamilton in Edinburgh, Professor Fraser, in various lectures and in articles in the "North British Review," appears as a kind of mediator, with no slight philosophic insight, between the Hamiltonian and the Berkeleyan schemes, with a decided tendency, however, to the latter. Thus a system which, for a century, was mentioned only to be ridiculed, and which was thought to be refuted (after the *solitur ambulando* style) in every instance in which a man hit his toes against a curbstone or his head against a lamppost, is coming into new honor, and is receiving fresh elucidations from some of the subtler thinkers of the present generation. Professor Masson, too, has just returned to Edinburgh, taking the post left vacant by the fervid and eccentric Aytoun, and borne thither in part by his recent work on "British Philosophy," in which he has criticised in a popular way, but with no meager knowledge or acuteness, the chief modern tendencies of British speculation, arranging and discussing all the questions in an orderly fashion. Dr. McCosh, of Belfast, has mingled in the same debate, and, in his "Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated," advocates, in a cautious and sober style, the main principles of the traditional Scotch philosophy against modern refinements and objections, arranging our intuitive beliefs on a tolerably systematic plan. A work by him against Mill is also announced. Richard Lowndes has published an "Introduction to the Philosophy of Primary Beliefs," taking grounds against Hamilton's negations and Mansel's use of the same. The application of Mansel's views to morals and religion was also vigorously contested by Goldwin Smith in his manly treatise on rational religion, published in 1861.

But this philosophical movement, which had its rise in Scotland, though taking a wide range, by no means comprises the whole drift of speculative thought in England at the present time. Other seeds were sown by the disciples of Coleridge, by importations of continental metaphysics, both the French and German, as well as by men trained under the more exclusive influence of British modes of thought. Coleridge's power was felt in a great variety of directions, owing to the fertility and manifoldness of his utterances. Though he never succeeded in bringing his system into a form of scholastic completeness, yet he exercised a magnetic sway over kindred minds. He led thinking men to the conviction that there was reason in the traditional faith; and that a vital and enduring religious system must be complemented by, if not built upon, a spiritual philosophic system. By his criticisms, too, of literary and political, as well as of scriptural and theological, opinions he helped to train a new generation of thinkers—men like Julius Hare, Maurice, and Arnold; what is popularly termed the "Broad Church" received a decided impulse from this source, though several who are now classed under this indefinite rubric have departed from both the letter and the spirit of his teachings. The famed Tractarian controversy, starting from Oxford, was also an indication of the breaking up of traditional habits of thought in respect to Church doctrine and polity; the "high and dry orthodoxy" was set afloat; a new spirit of historical and doctrinal investigation became current and necessary. Carlyle, too, nurtured on German food, and indignantly protesting against all shams and conventionalities; and Tennyson, the poet-laureate, singing in high strains the longing of the soul for a faith which all outward forms cannot satisfy and all skepticism cannot uproot, were significant signs of the coming in of another spirit than that which had so long made the English mind stagnant and complacent in its narrow sphere of traditional belief and thought. Several of Cousin's works were translated, and helped to undermine the hold of the system of Locke. J. D. Morell, by his "History of Speculative Philosophy," his "Philosophy of Religion," his "Psychology," and other works, disseminated similar tendencies. Some of these views took stronger hold of the American than of English thinkers, and

transcendentalism was imported from Boston to the British Isles. Several of Kant's and Fichte's treatises were translated; and Professor Vera, now of Naples, even tried to make parts of the Hegelian logic familiar to the English mind. A new and clever writer, Mr. Sterling, has published a full account of the "Secret of Hegel," and proposes to apply that system to the demolition of the Hamiltonian metaphysics. Another new philosopher, Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson, has devoted a bulky volume to "Space and Time," advocating in the main the transcendental doctrine. But, still, all the continental modes of thought, and the peculiar terminology of transcendentalism, have never been able to strike root very deeply in English soil. Each nation must, in fact, work out the great problems of philosophy in its own style and way, and in the unfettered use of its native tongue. If exotic ideas and systems are introduced, they must be acclimated; must take on the hue and fashion of the land, if they are to have a thoroughgoing influence. The future of English and of American philosophy will be determined more by its strong and independent native thinkers than by any translations or transmutations of foreign authorities. The real and decisive metaphysical battle will be fought in part between, in part against, the two native systems which are now exerting the widest influence—that of Sir William Hamilton on the one hand, and that of John Stuart Mill, including Spencer, Bain, and Lewes, on the other. The latter belong substantially to the same school, though differing on some important questions. They are all equally opposed to the main drift of the Hamiltonian theory taken as a whole. And between these systems the chief metaphysical questions are now raised with an earnestness and acuteness which give good augury of a substantial and decisive contest. In particular, Mr. John Stuart Mill, by his recent examination of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, has brought the radical and underlying question between the two schools of "intuition" and of "experience" into a shape in which the issues are clearly seen, and the arguments on both sides fully and fairly presented.

John Stuart Mill was born in 1806. From his father, James Mill, he inherited an aptitude for philosophical study, and also a strong bias in the direction of the so-called "sensational" school of thought. Bentham's theories, both in ethics and politics, have largely shaped his views. Though he has derived much from the study of Comte's system, yet his training has been thoroughly English. There is hardly a trace in his writings of foreign idioms or modes of thinking. In 1843, we believe, he published the first edition of his logic. His "Treatise on Political Economy" stands at the head of recent works on that subject. In various essays and reviews, recently collected, he has reviewed the chief English systems of the times, and set himself to rights, among others, with Coleridge, Bentham, and Comte. His advocacy of the utilitarian philosophy is the most persuasive that has yet been published in England. Of the inductive philosophy he is the best European expounder. And now, in the maturity of his powers, he has written this work against Hamilton, in which he has brought out his psychological and metaphysical theories more fully than in any of his previous writings. His scope is much wider than that of the criticism and confutation of an individual philosopher. For he sets over against each other the two rival schemes of thought—the "intuitional" and the "experiential;" and tries to show, against the intuitionalist, that all our ideas can be explained as the product of sensations, working under well-known and simple laws. He makes his attack not upon a single point, but along the whole line; he has opened his batteries against all the main positions taken by the transcendental philosophers—by the sober Scotch system of "native beliefs," and by the modified Scotch system as expounded by Sir William Hamilton. Though the whole truth and the final truth may not be with either of these schools, yet some of the fundamental questions in respect to both knowing and being are in debate between them. Thus the contest promises to be animating, as it is also most important in its bearings not only upon metaphysical speculation, but upon all the great ethical questions, and upon the very foundations of religious belief. It will

be watched with interest not only by those who care for thought as thought, and who enter into these abstruse speculations for the excitement of the intellect, but also by those who know how deeply these seemingly remote and tenuous abstractions affect in the long run the thoughts and speech, and even the deeds, of those who care not at all for the formulas and disputes of the schools. The materialism of France helped to bring on the French Revolution; some of the extreme followers of Hegel were the leaders in the German uprising of 1848. The contempt of philosophy is the sign of intellectual frivolity or degeneracy. Every great people, every great epoch, has had, and must have, its system of speculation as well as its system of faith. The contest as now raised in England cannot fail to lead to the most important results in respect to social, moral, political, and religious life.

REVIEWS.

BROWNELL AND BATTLES.*

THERE is a kind of man who is seldom satisfied to be what his fellows are, and to do what his fellows do. If they are strict in their religious beliefs, he is lax in his; if they hold one set of political opinions, he holds directly the contrary; in short, he is always in opposition to the majority. He may be wise in so being and doing, but oftener he is exceedingly foolish, not to say sottish. We are not disposed, in all cases, to subscribe to the maxim, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; but we believe, in most, that the sober thought and continued practice of the wisest and best of them is much nearer the truth than the whims and vagaries of the exceptional few. In poetry, for instance, the subject which most immediately concerns us, we hold that the established molds of verse are better than the shapeless forms of Mr. Whitman and the misshapen ones of Mr. Brownell. At any rate, they were large enough for Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth, who were, at least, the peers of these gentlemen. When the latter show themselves superior to these great poets, we may be willing to let their sketchy memoranda pass for art; but not before. Mr. Brownell is a poet, we are glad to record, but he has a good deal to unlearn, the chiefest of which is his contempt for the classic measures of English versification. He started right, if we may judge from his early poems, one of which dates twenty years back, but he started feebly, not having much to say at the time. When the fact came home to him, as it does to most men of genius sooner or later, he laid the blame not where it belonged, on himself, but on his poor, unoffending verse, which was good enough in itself, but tolerably bad as he had written it. Such we take to have been the cause of the change which came over him as a poet. It was an evil one, but it was not vital enough to destroy his genius, though it succeeded in making it careless and willful. His verse recalls a criticism of Poe's on the writing of Shelley—that it was not so much poetry as memoranda for poetry. One of his worst faults is saying more than is necessary concerning the subject he has in hand—more than a poetic, artistic treatment of it demands; of saying, in fact, all that he can, alike exhausting himself and the admiration and patience of his readers. He writes of a battle—of "The Bay Fight," let us say, which opens his volume—rather like a reporter than a poet, setting down all that he saw, instead of selecting what was most characteristic, its strongest, grandest points. It was his duty as a poet to see all that happened in that memorable battle, but it was not his duty as a poet to describe it in detail, as he has done. He lacks the element of suppression, the wise reticence of great artists. The method of the poet Campbell is an example for him, if he will take one from that Tyrtæus of English song. The first draft of Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" made twenty-six stanzas, of five lines each; the present version consists of eight nine-line stanzas, a trifle over one-half the original length of the poem. A comparison of the two readings of this noble ode is an instructive lesson in the poetic art, showing, as it does, that the greatest excellence is only reached by

* "War Lyrics and other Poems." By Henry Howard Brownell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

the most careful revision, and, in works of this nature, whose effect depends upon the nakedest simplicity, which is the highest sublimity, upon the most rigid compression and condensation. Who but Campbell could have suppressed this stanza?

"For Denmark here had drawn
All her might!
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight!"

Or this description of the English sailors?

"All hands and eyes on watch,
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep!"

Or this, which is much finer—in truth, the finest bit of verisimilitude in the whole range of English poetry? How true to the sailor-nature the absurd exaggeration of the last two lines!

"Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the king shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!"

How much in the way of suggestive painting can be crowded into four lines, the same poet has shown in his "Hohenlinden:"

"By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry."

It is the fashion now-a-days to sneer at Campbell, but it is a silly one, and only worthy of the shallowest minds. Certainly he has no superior in that rarest of all poetic qualities, Imagination.

To return to Mr. Brownell and his "Bay Fight." It is a most provoking production, remarkable alike for its merits and defects. The most notable of the latter are the length of the ballad—some five hundred and fifty lines—and the unnecessary ruggedness of its versification, the measures of which are shifted and broken in the most inartistic manner. Its merits are its spirit and vigor—a certain manly straightforwardness, and a general disregard of what passes for poetry among the present school of minor versifiers. We say general rather than entire disregard, for the opening stanza, which describes the voyage of the fleet, prior to the battle, through seas of sapphire and turquoise, and past islands of emerald, offends in this particular, being merely pretty when it should be strong. Indeed, the ballad would be improved by the omission of the first eleven and the last ten stanzas, which do duty now in the way of prologue and epilogue. The true beginning of the ballad is at the line,

"Man your starboard battery!"

The best single stanza is, perhaps, this, which has the true old ballad ring:

"Still as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck;
And the dead were laid to port,
All a-row, on our deck."

This is good:

"So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments, fighting ashore,
Forgot to fire as they gazed."

And this, with the exception of the word "chrism," which is too finicking for the place and time, besides being one of Mrs. Browning's pet phrases:

"Grand was the sight to see,
How by their guns they stood,
Right in front of our dead,
Fighting square abreast—
Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
Chrism of fire and blood!"

Powerful in portions, "The Bay Fight" is not satisfactory as a whole, partly because it lacks unity, and partly because the writing is unequal. The points in brackets are not always worth making, and the one or two refrains after the fashion of Poe are not happily introduced. Altogether the ballad does not dispute the supremacy of Campbell, being manifestly inferior to both versions of his "Battle of the Baltic."

"The River Fight" is not equal to the ballad we

have just criticised, the versification generally being less skillful, and its changes certainly more violent. The opening passages, descriptive of the location, should be suppressed, as also the "General Orders," which contain little beyond sea terms, of no earthly consequence to the ordinary reader. The ballad should begin on page 26:

"Would you hear of the River Fight?"

The stanza in brackets on page 29 should be canceled, since it interrupts the flow of the narrative when it should be rapid and compact. Here is a good half-stanza which is weakened by the words in brackets:

"Our topmen, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud—
There [twas a wonder!]
The burning ratlins and strands
They quenched with their bare hard hands;
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder!"

"The Battle Summers" is one of the truest poems in the volume, touching in conception and very gracefully handled. It shows what Mr. Brownell can do when he is content to write in the regular measures of greater poets than himself. Admirable, also, is the spirit and much of the execution of "Suspira Ensia," in which he rises above the level of patriotism, as it was at one time understood at the North, paying a deserved tribute to the valor of the Southern people, and dropping a manly tear on the error and hopelessness of their cause:

"But now to the long, long night
They pass as they ne'er had been—
A stranger and sadder sight
Than ever the sun hath seen."

"For his waning beams illumine
A vast and sullen train
Going down to the gloom—
One wretched and drear refrain
The only line on their tomb—
'They died—and they died in vain!'"

"Down!" is one of the best, as it certainly is one of the most characteristic, of Mr. Brownell's shorter pieces. "The Eagle of Corinth" is excellent, with the exception of the last five lines, which are the veriest buncombe:

"But our Bird shall yet come back,
He shall soar to his Eerie-Home—
And his thunderous wings be furled,
In the gaze of a gladdened world,
On the Nation's loftiest Dome."

"The Color-Bearer," an incident of the siege of Vicksburg, is, in some respects, the best of all Mr. Brownell's poems. It contains all the finest characteristics of his uneven genius, grouped around an episode of individual pluck and recklessness, and molded into a compact poem, which we take to be perfect of its kind. We can even forgive its slang, it is so much in keeping dramatically. "Bury Them," a wild, irregular rhapsody over the "colored Americans of African descent" who were slaughtered at Fort Wagner, and who are impersonated as dragon's teeth, is about as bad as it can be. Had we come across it in a newspaper, without its author's name, we should have said it was written by the most surgical of all our poets, Dr. Holmes, in a moment of sarcastic pleasantry, to ventilate his knowledge of dentistry. To whom else, indeed, could we have attributed:

"The incisors swart and stark,
The molars heavy and dark,"

and, worse still:

"The cuspsids, cruent and red?"

It is not the genial professor, however, but the poetical sailor who "shows his ivories" in this pedantic fashion.

"Wood and Coal" is a poetic thought, rather fantastically handled. "The March of the Regiment" is as turgid as a city gutter after a heavy rain. "Lines, by Our Corporal," are nothing if not slangy. "Hearts of Oak," an epitaph on the sinking of the *Cumberland*, is better. The last three stanzas embody a natural sailor-like fancy:

"Now one cheer more, my hearties,
For the Flag and its brave renown!
They shall hear it, the fine old captains,
With Hull and Perry looking down."

"They are watching us where we founder,
With a tear on each tough old cheek—
Down she goes, our noble frigate,
But the Old Flag's still at her peak!"

"It waves o'er the blood-red water—
Lawrence sees it where it flies!
And they look down, our grand old captains,
With a tear and a smile from the skies."

"The Fall of Al-Accoub" might have been scribbled by Poe in a state of delirium tremens; it is inconceivably bad. "Somnia Caeli" is a fevered dream; the extravagance of which is not redeemed by its poetry. Nothing can be in worse taste than such stanzas as these, which only escape impiety by being ridiculous:

"Thunder, to-day, at the Outer Gate!
Earth's eager squadrons form—
The daring spirits that could not wait
Are taking Heaven by storm!"

"The splendor of battle in their eyes,
They enter, even now—
How it lights the Port of Paradise,
The death-gleam on each brow!"

"The Battle of Charlestown" is the finest thing yet written about that grim old martyr, John Brown, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. E. C. Stedman's unique ballad. How admirable is this:

"The old man looks around him
On meadow and mountain hoar;
The place, he remarks, is pleasant,
I had not seen it before."

And this:

"For the trouble—we can't see why—
Seems with us and not with him,
As he stands 'neath the autumn sky,
So strangely solemn and dim!"

"Abraham Lincoln," the longest and most ambitious of Mr. Brownell's poems, is not a success. It has some good poetical elements, but Mr. Brownell has not succeeded in molding them into a harmonious form. The summing up of Mr. Lincoln's character seems to us the best portion of the poem, as the grand spirit-review with which it closes is certainly the worst. Such a fancy, for it is hardly more, would be well enough in a pagan dirge—one written, we mean, in ancient days, when men's opinions of a future state partook more of the earth and its belongings than they do at present; when the deities and heroes of their mythologies mingled in the battles over which they were supposed to preside—but surely it is out of place in a dirge of the nineteenth century, when all civilized men are Christians, professedly, at least. It is not so much because Mr. Brownell violates the spirit of Christian ethics by such a proceeding that we complain, as that he violates the spirit of all modern art. The notion of Mr. Lincoln's soul reviewing the souls of the dead who fell in his battles, as General Grant reviewed those who were fortunate enough to survive them, is as absurd, to use no harsher word, as the idea involved in the stanzas quoted above from "Somnia Caeli." Alone it would be enough to spoil any poem which aims to celebrate

"The deep damnation of his taking off"

Not believing that there is, or can be, such a thing as comic poetry, we cannot consider Mr. Brownell's "Let us Alone," "Mr. Carlyle's Chimney," and "Honest Old Abe" poems, though we are willing to admit that they possess a fair share of merit as humorous compositions in verse. The first is the best, though we fail to see the point of the Cockney dialect in which it is written. It is likely to live, however, in connection with Mr. Davis's impossible request, as a capital specimen of the "art of putting things." Of the "Miscellaneous" and "Early Poems," which make up about one-half the volume, the most noticeable are "Old Papers," "All Together," "Gone," "Presentment," "Midnight—A Lament," "The Burial of the Dane," "Ad Naven," and "The Tomb of Columbus." They are not remarkable, perhaps, for novelty of thought or expression, but they are in measures which can be read with pleasure, and which, we are persuaded, are the best which the English poets have yet succeeded in framing.

The defect of Mr. Brownell, whose genius we trust we recognize in spite of the fault we have found with him, is that he does not understand the difference between the beautiful and the characteristic, or that, understanding it, he sacrifices the former to the latter, under the supposition that it is the nobler and grander of the two. This is a mistake in literature as well as in art. There are many ways of writing a poem on a given theme, but there is one best way, and the great poet is sure to discover it. Minor poets deal in

mannerisms; the greatest have style, or the "grand manner," as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it. One is a fashion and will pass away; the other is based upon eternal principles and will endure. If Mr. Brownell would make a lasting name for himself, he should give up his mannerisms and cultivate style.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Esperance.*" By Meta Lander. Sheldon & Co. New York, 1866. Pp. 336.

THE writer of this book has attempted to do what most practiced novelists would fear to undertake—make a religious novel. And she has achieved a degree of success more than commensurate with the risk. Hope Frazer, the heroine of the novel, is introduced to the reader as a child receiving the last words of her dying mother. "Be patient, dear Hope, and do your best to supply the place of a mother to my poor little ones; and be careful to treat your father with respect, endeavoring to please him in everything," were the parting words of the dying woman to her eldest child. Mr. Horatio Frazer stood beside his wife's death-bed with perfect composure, asserting to the last that he had never forgiven her for a remark to her mother (which he had overheard), that she had never truly loved him. It was to be expected, therefore, upon the death of the mother, that a bitter enmity would sprang up between the father and the daughter. Such was the case; and just at this point the plot begins. Mr. Frazer, after the loss of his wife, grew more imperious to Hope, and thus begot in her an outward sullenness which was the manifestation of her hatred of him. A little more than a year afterwards the father married again. His new wife, but half his age, was beautiful and accomplished, and withal complete mistress of her old husband. Soon there sprung up between the new Mrs. Frazer and Hope a close attachment, due more to the adroit management of the former than to any real affection on the part of the latter. Hope, dextrously flattered, and given the name of *Esperance*, was completely captivated by the delicate attentions of her new mother. They confessed to each other their mutual detestation of Mr. Frazer, and made common cause in circumventing him. Ere long a new figure appeared on the stage. Philip Levere, U.S.A., a former lover of the now Mrs. Frazer, who had been rejected because of his poverty, called at the Frazer mansion and held frequent interviews with its mistress. Hope suspected something wrong, and, despite her dislike of her father, warned him of his danger, in return for which she was hurried off to boarding-school with the information that she was not to visit home oftener than once a year.

Before a year passed, her sister Ada fell sick, and she was summoned home in time to witness her death. Returning to her duties, Hope found that a deep religious interest pervaded the school, which also affected her and wrought a permanent change in her character. Henceforth she figures in the book as a Christian girl struggling with doubts and her own human nature to attain to her ideal of Christian womanhood. The breach between father and daughter having become irreparable, the latter, upon completing the course at school, engaged in teaching, first in Muscoda, Vermont, and subsequently in Ironton, Illinois. The principal of the school at the latter place, Mr. Northrup, was a young man of more than ordinary attainments who had taken up teaching preparatory to adopting the profession of a lawyer. His genial manners and real kindness of heart won the affection of Hope. For almost the first time in her life she felt what it was to be loved, and when Mr. Northrup asked her hand in return for the love that, without her knowledge, he had entertained for her, she yielded to his entreaties, and from that moment lived, as it were, a new life. At the expiration of a year in Illinois, Hope returned to her home in New York State, accompanied by her betrothed, Walter Northrup. Her father and step-mother received her coldly, but the former, greatly to her surprise, consented that her sister Joy should return with her to Ironton. Walter, on the return trip, became enamored of the rare beauty of Joy, and while the party were at Niagara Hope chanced one day to be a listener to a conversa-

tion between her betrothed and her sister, in which the two plighted their love to each other. Stiffing all her natural instincts, she relinquished Walter at once, and urged his betrothal to her sister. Some time afterwards a letter from Mr. Frazer informed Hope that his wife had eloped with Levere, adding: "If you can forgive and forget the past, come to me as soon as possible." Of course, she hastened home and took her sister with her. On the steamer from Detroit to Buffalo she met a strange gentleman who presented her with a copy of Foster's "Essays," on a fly-leaf of which was written his name, Howard Ferguson. Upon a further acquaintance she learned that he was on his way to Europe, and when he asked if he might bring her, on his return, some souvenir of the old world, she requested a flower from the shores of Gennesaret. Reaching home, Hope found her father almost broken down by the infidelity of his wife, and eager to do everything in his power for his daughter's comfort. By-and-by Walter Northrup and Joy Frazer married, and settled in New York state near Joy's native place. Later still, Hope received a note from her step-mother, stating that she had left the scoundrel in Europe with whom, in a rash moment, she had eloped, and begging Hope to visit her at the place where she was staying, a few miles from Mr. Frazer's residence. The story closes with a reconciliation of Mrs. Frazer and her daughter-in-law, and the mollification of Mr. Frazer so far as to provide a comfortable home (but not with himself) for his recreant wife. Hope receives, from Mr. Ferguson, a letter informing her that he has secured a flower from the shores of Gennesaret, and asking that he may have the honor of claiming her hand and heart upon his return, to which request the reader is left to infer that the lady accedes. Such, in brief, is the plot of this latest addition to the list of American novels.

As we have already hinted, we like the book. It is written in good, plain English, and the attempts at what passes for fine writing are so few that it is hardly fair to criticise them. Two or three poems are interwoven into the story which, in a literary point of view, are poor, but are appropriate to the connection in which they are introduced. The author is, moreover, evidently a careful observer of human nature. Every character introduced (and our space prevents us from referring to all in the digest of the plot already presented) is human—which is saying a great deal for a modern novel. The moral of the book, too, is excellent. Under the guise of an attractive story Meta Lander utters more wholesome truth than may be found in a score of ordinary sermons, yet so unobtrusively that the casual reader might overlook it entirely. As a work of art "*Esperance*" may encounter severe criticism, but as a really good book—good as a story, good as a reflection of everyday life, and good as conveying a valuable moral lesson—we cordially commend it to our readers.

"*Across the Continent: A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax.*" By Samuel Bowles, Editor of the *Springfield Republican*. Pp. 437.

THIS book comes from the pen, press, and bindery of the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*. Dr. Holland has generally been known as the book-maker of the establishment, but this time we have a volume from the editor-in-chief, Mr. Bowles. Compelled to seek relief from office confinement and twinges of sciatica, Mr. Bowles made the overland trip to San Francisco during the summer of 1865. The book is made up of the letters which Mr. Bowles addressed to the *Republican* from different points along the route. Thirty-two letters are given, taking the reader from Chicago to Utah and the silver mines of Nevada, to Oregon, and up the Columbia River to Washington Territory, and San Francisco to the Yo Semite, and home by the Isthmus. It seems hardly possible for one traveling so constantly as was Mr. Bowles to find opportunity for the writing of such finished and interesting letters. No one but an expert at newspaper work could have accomplished it. We consider the letters the most sensible and practical, and hence the most valuable, that have been written concerning our western expanse and treasures. The descriptions of the Mormons and life at Salt Lake are especially interesting. The entire volume is readable, reminding one not a

little of Walter Colton's books upon California life. Two things we would prefer to see omitted from the title-page—the wretched wood-cut of a stage-coach and the fact that the journey was made "with Speaker Colfax." This would appear with more propriety in the preface. We miss from the volume the map promised in the preface to accompany it. Barring the rather undue prominence given to an advertisement directly opposite the title-page, the book is comely in appearance, and a not unworthy companion to Holland's "*Life of Lincoln*," which was recently issued by the same publishers.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

MR. G. H. HOLLISTER has just published, through Mr. William V. Spencer, of Boston, a tragedy named after its hero, the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, the acting copyright of which, the reader is informed, is the property of Mr. Edwin Booth. Whether it was ever performed we are not told, but, if our recollection serves, it was played for a few nights a number of years since in New Orleans. We cannot conceive of its being successful on the stage, though the conclusion of the third act might be effective in the hands of a good actor. The situation is a strong one, suggesting its probable original, the scene in "*Richelieu*" in which the wily but baffled old cardinal launches the curse of Rome against his tormentors. The merits of Mr. Hollister's tragedy are not very striking, though it is plain to see that it is honestly and conscientiously written. The best character in it is the archbishop himself, who is clearly and consistently drawn. Urged by the king to accept the see of Canterbury, the then chancellor urges his unfitness for the holy office:

—"My life hath flaws

That shrewd, inspecting men, with biting tongues,
Would fall not to make patent to the world.
Again, I never led a hermit's life,
Nor shaved my head, nor sandaled yet my feet
To go upon a saintly pilgrimage,
Nor felt the damp of cloisters, nor did penance,
Nor won the favors of suffragan bishops,
Who, for such elevation, needs must hate me.
My culture is in letters, knightly feats,
Gaming and hunting, hawking, horsemanship.
I have fought battles, too, and shed men's blood
At Toulouse, as your majesty doth know,
And on the borders of fair Normandy,
Where, at my cost, I kept twelve hundred knights.
I lack the holy unction of a life
Spent in meek charities and lowly duties,
Savoring of sanctity. My heart is proud;
My ear is tickled with the applause of scholars,
And my eye bends to the nodding of a plume.
I love the war-cry of Plantagenet
Better than anthems piercing gothic roofs,
And the long wailing of a bugle-note
Touches me more than silvery bells at vespers.
The laugh of peasant girls, proud ladies' smiles,
Are dearer to me than the sighs of nuns,
Whose hearts keep time to ebony rosaries.
Pardon me, sire, I dare not take the see."

In a later scene he speaks of himself in this fashion:

—"Stand by the sea

When the winds chafe it, and note well its waters—
How they do take the colors of the shore;
Here stained with earth, there glassing on their bosom
Dark forms of trees, brown knolls, and slanting hills,
Or the pale glimmer of some flinty cliff;
While far away, lo! leaping to the light,
Pure, jubilant, with heaven's own hues upon them,
They stretch for ever. Such my checkered life.
When near its margin stained—shaded with sin;
Tinged with the grain of all vicissitudes,
With vices flecked, irregularities;
But, in its bolder depths, where navies rode
And lone birds flew, stars slept, and sunbeams shimmered,
In all its wide circumference, no blot,
No cloud; no widows wronged, no orphan's bread
Snatched from his hungry lips, no barony
Limping upon its crutches from a wound
I gave it, and no charity turned thwart
To run in channels dug not by its founders."

Besides this tragedy Mr. Hollister's volume contains some thirty poems, the best of which is, unquestionably, "*The Phantom Ship*," a legend or tradition of New England in the olden time, done into blank-verse, which has the merit of accomplishing what the writer designs without affectation or pretense. For simple description and straightforward narration it is worthy of much praise.

Take a passage descriptive of autumn:

"The trees put on their holiday attire,
The barberry flashed from out her brambly hedge
Her scarlet berries in the robin's eye,
Tempting him from the alder, where he sat
A sentry for his fellows; the wild pear
Grew yellow on the tallest branch, and fell,
Hiding among the fern and golden-rod;

Nuts left their velvet couches in the burr,
And, to elude the squirrel, nestled down
In mosses, or beneath the rustling leaves.
The creeper on the elm grew crimson now;
Russet the oak; and the wild pigeon flew
Where the wide haze of Indian summer lay
Toward the far southwest; while here and there
Among the oracles of the fading year,
Esther their priestess and interpreter,
Although she knew it not, the scholar moved."

Here is a winter-piece, with the fated vessel standing
out to sea:

"The day came for the sailing of the ship;
'Twas January, very stark and cold;
A fall of snow had hid the traveled ways;
Sleet hung the elms with glittering icicles;
Dun houses had put off their stained garb
For one of purest white. The little wharf,
Belted with shallops and with pinnaces,
Lay in the steel-cold air. While far away
Towered in the background those two mighty rocks—
Ice-capped, snow-crowned, against the distant clouds,
And sending salutations to the sea.
Near the bleak shore lay the expectant ship;
Stout hearts had cut her way, for three long miles,
With saws and axes, through the solid ice,
And cleared the snow-drifts for her helpless keel
Far out where the bright waters of the sound
Welcomed her home. A drum-beat told the hour;
Men, women, children, gathered to the beach
To witness her departure. Every heart
Beat with its separate agony, or throbbed
With its own expectation from the shore.
Freed from her icy fetters, the good ship,
With her bow pointed seaward, had swung round,
When Davenport, surrounded by his flock,
Came forward and knelt down upon the ice—
All kneeling round him—and with upraised hands,
Called on the God of storms to throw his arms
Around the frail bark and her precious crew;
And, as his voice rose on the wintry air,
Swelling in hope, then sinking into doubt,
The multitude bowed down their heads and wept."

MR. WALTER WHITMAN, whose "Drum Taps" we noticed a month or two since, is the subject of a handsome pamphlet of forty-six pages, entitled "The Good Gray Poet," and published by Messrs. Bunce & Huntington. The author of this "seried" is Mr. William Douglas O'Connor, of Massachusetts (so he signs himself at the end of his writing), a literary gentleman who made his *début* some ten or a dozen years since in the pages of "Harper's Magazine" with, if our memory serves us, "A Story of Lynn," and who contributed a story or two to "Putnam's Magazine," then in rather a moribund state. Just before the breaking out of the war he published a novel called "Harrington," which was heralded as a splendid production, and was—in the sense that the writings of the Rev. George Gilfillan are splendid. Its publishers failed a few months afterwards, but whether it was on that account, or because they had recently published an enlarged edition of Mr. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," or because they contemplated publishing a sensational novel by a well-known lady *feuilletoniste*, which, we believe, has not yet seen the light—whatever the cause, they failed, and "Harrington" was no more. We had the misfortune to read it, and still remember the dazed condition in which it left us, and which we can compare to nothing except, perhaps, a fevered dream of the fire-works of a Fourth of July night. It was not to recur to this fact, however, nor to speak of the previous productions of Mr. O'Connor that we began this paragraph, but to give our readers some idea of his recent pamphlet which is one of the most extraordinary things that we ever encountered, and will undoubtedly rank hereafter among the "Curiosities of American Literature."

Its object, as we understand it, is a two-fold one—first to hold up to reprobation the Hon. James Harlan, the Secretary of the Interior; second, to glorify Mr. Whitman. The charge against the Hon. Secretary is, that on the 30th of June last he removed Mr. Whitman from a clerkship which he held in his department because he had written "Leaves of Grass" some ten years before. "Mr. Harlan averred," says Mr. O'Connor, "that Walt Whitman had been in no way remiss in the discharge of his duties, but that, on the contrary, so far as he could learn, his conduct had been most exemplary. Indeed, during the few months of his tenure of office, he had been promoted." It was not clerical misconduct, which we dare say might have been condoned, but "Leaves of Grass," which did Mr. Whitman's business for him with his official superior, who was formerly a Methodist preacher, and president of a western college, we presume in the same denominational interest. The whilom preacher and president, not having the taste of Nebuchadnezzar, could not stand Mr. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." It was "full of indecent passages," and Mr. Whitman himself was "a very bad man," a "Free Lover," and what not of monstrous besides. So he had to walk the official plank, with his official head under his arm. That the Hon. Secretary did a very foolish, as well as a very unjust, thing in re-

moving Mr. Whitman on this ground, can hardly be doubted. Nor that he deserved, and deserves, to be pilloried in the contempt of thinking men for this wanton insult to literature in the person of Mr. Whitman, with whose beliefs and morals he had no more real business than with those of "Mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon." So far we agree with Mr. O'Connor, and are willing to do our share towards vindicating his "good gray poet" from the aspersions of his clerical decapitator. His case is a hard one, but not harder than others have undergone for equally frivolous reasons in all departments of the government. The defect of our system of administering public affairs is, that both political parties act upon the scandalous and vicious maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," appointing men to, and removing them from, office for political reasons alone. It is one thing to neglect duty, and to abuse opportunities; it is quite another to differ in opinion from the party in power. The first may be winked at and hushed up, the last must be severely and immediately punished. They are wiser in monarchical England, where the tenure of office "is for life, or during good behavior." We agree, as we have said, with Mr. O'Connor in his desire to have justice done Mr. Whitman in this particular, but we do not agree with him in his estimate of Mr. Whitman's genius; nor do we see the force of his multifarious illustrations of loose writing in the great authors of the world. The free language of the classics, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Lucretius, Æschylus, Dante, Plutarch, Tacitus, Montaigne, Hafiz, Swedenborg, Goethe, Byron, and whoever else may have sinned in this direction, is certainly no excuse for Mr. Whitman, least of all is it a command to "go and do likewise." We are not over-squeamish ourselves, but there are passages in "Leaves of Grass" which have a very rank odor, carrying us back, as they do, to a state of nature which the world has outgrown—happily, as we think, though of course Mr. Whitman does not agree with us. He is a man of unquestioned talent, not to say genius, but is it not extravagant to say, Mr. O'Connor, that "his conversation is a university?" That "to call one like him good seems an impertinence?" and that his is "a character which only the heroic pen of Plutarch could record, and which Socrates himself might emulate or envy?" And what, pray, but madness is such writing as this? "I class him boldly, and the future will confirm my judgment, among the great creative minds of the world. By a quality almost incommunicable, which makes its possessor, no matter what his diversity or imperfections, equal with the supremes of art, and by the very structure of his mind, he belongs there. His place is beside Shakespeare, Æschylus, Cervantes, Dante, Homer, Isaiah—the bards of the last ascent, the brothers of the radiant summit!" To which we beg to add that Mr. Whitman will be a Great Name when these writers are forgotten—but not till then. For when such works as "Leaves of Grass" are considered literature, chaos will have come again.

Mr. O'Connor promises, in conclusion, or threatens, rather, to send his letter to Victor Hugo, "for its passport through Europe;" to John Stuart Mill, to Newman, to Matthew Arnold, in England; and here, to Emerson and Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner; to every senator and representative in Congress; to all our journalists; to the whole American people; to every one who guards the freedom of letters and the liberty of thought throughout the civilized world! How the mails are groaning about this time, and what a business must be done in postage-stamps; for it is to be presumed that Mr. O'Connor pre-pays his postage, at least, on the copies which he sends across the water! Will he allow us to suggest two men whom he has apparently forgotten in his lavish distribution of favors, and who ought by all means to have his pamphlet, William Cornell Jewett and George Francis Train—*arcades ambo*, and, without doubt, admirers of "The Good Gray Poet."

POETRY must be an inspiration, a divine art, as the old poets claimed, or so many clever men would not fail as they do when they attempt to write it. To excel therein does not depend upon brains, or Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, scholar, novelist, dramatist, and what not besides, would have been a better poet than poor John Clare, whose education was of the commonest, and who hardly knew enough to keep himself out of the poorhouse, which, indeed, he escaped by taking to the insane asylum instead. What poetry is has never been accurately explained, still less how it is written, though we suppose the poets themselves know all about it. That the rest of us, poor prosers, do not is painfully apparent to the readers of our indifferent verse. How so excellent a prose-writer, for instance, as Mr. George H. Calvert, whose graceful and thoughtful essay, "The Gentleman," is the best single production that we recall on that pregnant and suggestive theme, ever came to write such a colle-

tion of metrical commonplace and obscurity as "Anyta and other Poems" is a mystery which we cannot fathom. Had we been asked what sort of verse he would have written, taking it for granted, of course, that he was not by nature a poet, no process of reasoning of which we are capable would have predicted such a result as this; for, remembering the ripe and scholarly culture of his prose, we would have answered for it that his verse would have been pure in diction, if not striking in thought, and graceful, if not original. At any rate, we never should have dreamed that he would have written as turgidly as he has done. A few of his phrases will show what we mean by turgidness better than a column of abstract criticism: "splendent," "imburnished," "fulgent," "belashed," "supersubtle," "coruscant," "sufflature," "spriteful," "a-wing," "puissant-plumed," "lifesome," "canorus," "joyments," "murksome vague," "forted," "beflush," "belaced," "begems," "bodeful," "betossed," "discerp," "convolve," "intreasured." What are we to think of the writer who bestrewns his pages with such euphuistic words as these? Is he, can he, be a poet? We think not. On the contrary, he strikes us as one who has been to a feast of languages and brought away the scraps. "Anyta," the longest poem in the volume, consists of twenty-four short pieces in various measures, apparently addressed to a child who may be supposed to be growing up between the first and the last. They have no poetical merit that we have been able to discover. The "other poems" are thirty-five in number, twenty-one of which are poems proper, the remainder being sonnets. Of the former the best is that entitled "Washington," or rather its second section, which celebrates an episode of the war of 1812, touching enough in itself to carry off a good deal of indifferent verse. The best of the sonnets, nine of which are monographs on the poets, is the one addressed to the Bard of Rydal Mount, whom Mr. Calvert appears to have visited. We copy it below as being, in our judgment, the best thing in the volume:

TO WORDSWORTH.

Among my unabating joys are these—
That under thy calm roof I pressed the hand
Whose life had been obedience to command
Of rarest genius; that beneath thy trees
I shared with thee thy cordial mountain-breeze,
Answered thy speech, and looked into the bland
Mysterious eyes that had beshone the land—
Those inlets to deep beauty's boundless seas—
And thus, beside thy household lakes, did hear
Thee laugh, and feel thy smile so kindly blent
With hospitalities, that since that year
Thy face hath been a loved accompaniment
To the grand music, mounting tier on tier,
That to my thought profounder rhythm hath lent.

MR. JOHN ESTEN COOKE, whose new novel, "Surry of Eagle's Nest," is nearly ready, sends us the following graceful poem:

FROM THE RAPIDAN.

1864.

A low wind in the pines!
And a dull pain in the breast!
And oh! for the sight of her lips and eyes—
One touch of the hand I pressed!

The slow, sad lowland wind,
It sighs through the livelong day,
While the splendid mountain breezes blow,
And the autumn is burning away.

Here the pines sigh ever above,
And the broomstraw sighs below,
And far from the bare, bleak, windy fields
Comes the note of the drowsy crow.

There the trees are crimson and gold,
Like the tints of a magical dawn,
And a slender form, in the dreamy days,
By the slow stream rambles on.

Oh day that weighs on the heart!
Oh wind in the dreary pines!
Does she think of me 'mid the golden hours
Past the mountain's long blue lines?

The old house lonely and still
By the sad Shenandoah's waves
Must be touched to-day by the sunshine's gleam
As the spring flowers bloom on graves.

Oh sunshine flitting and sad,
Oh wind that for ever sighs!
The hall may be bright, but my life is dark
For the sunshine of her eyes!

THE new firm of Leypoldt & Holt announce what promises to be a very readable series of volumes, in the shape of the representative poems of different nations. Their list so far embraces specimens of the genius of Hindostan, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, as the charming old pastoral play of "Sakontala," the romantic "Saga of Friethiof," the touching drama of "King Rene's Daughter," and Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." These, they tell us, are to be edited by competent scholars whose names are not yet made public. They also announce a uniform edition of several popular writers whose works are included in the Tauchnitz collection of

British authors, as Thackeray, Kingsley, Trollope, Reade, and others. That the new firm will publish good as well as beautiful books, we have no doubt, and we accordingly welcome their accession to the trade.

"THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE," now in the tenth year of its modest but useful career, has passed into the editorial care of Henry R. Stiles, M.D., formerly librarian of the Long Island Historical Society, and author of several historical and genealogical works; and under his management it will undoubtedly sustain the reputation which it has always held among historical students.

The second number of Mr. J. G. Shea's series of early southern tracts, "The Sot-Weed Factor," has just appeared from Munsell's press, in an elegantly printed pamphlet of 27 pages, with a preface by Brantz Mayer of Baltimore, notes, and a glossary. This series, limited to 100 small and 20 large paper copies of each issue, is published for subscribers. Mr. Shea has also published "An Address from the Roman Catholics of America to George Washington, Esq., President of the United States"—an elegant reprint of a folio pamphlet printed at London in 1790. Mr. Shea's edition also contains an introduction, General Washington's reply to the address, with portrait of Washington and those of two of the principal signers of the document. This is strictly a privately-printed book.

FOREIGN.

ONE of the most beautiful Christmas books published during the late holiday season in Germany was an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," to which its editor, Dr. Lauckhard, prefixed a "Life of De Foe" and a sketch of the "Crusoe Literature."

SHAKESPEARE seems to be the rage in Germany just at present, if we may judge by the booksellers' catalogues. In Berlin, for instance, in the way of Christmas gifts they had Kaulbach's "Shakespeare Gallerie," engraved on copper, by the best masters, and separate illustrated editions of "Macbeth," "The Tempest," and "King John." Also a new issue of Kaulbach's "Shakespeare Album," new issues of the plays just mentioned, a plate representing the death scene of "Julius Cæsar," and Kaulbach's "Compositionen zu Shakespeare's Dramen," cartes de visite for ladies' albums.

It is not often that Chinese literature is presented so intelligently to English readers as it is in a translation of "The Chinese Classics," by Dr. Legge, a voluminous work, of which the first and second parts of the third volume have just been published. The most noted of the "Classics" in question is the "Shoo King," a book consisting of historical documents which go back as far as B.C. 2000, and of which "The Books of Chow" are the most homogeneous portion. As specimens of Chinese literature are by no means common we give one below, which, with some unimportant omissions, is the whole of a book called "The Metal-bound Coffin."

"Two years after the conquest of the Shang dynasty the king fell ill and was quite desolate. The two dukes said, 'Let us reverently consult the tortoise concerning the king;' but the Duke of Chow said, 'You may not so distress our former kings.' He then took the business on himself, and made three altars of earth on the same cleared space, and, having made another altar on the south facing the north, he there took his own position. The convex symbols were put on their altars, and he himself held his mace while he addressed the Kings T'ae, Ke, and Wan. The historian wrote on tablets this prayer: 'A. B., your chief descendant, is suffering from a severe and dangerous sickness; if you three kings have in Heaven the charge of him, Heaven's great son, let me, Tan, be a substitute for his person. I have been lovingly obedient to my father; I am possessed of many abilities and arts which fit me to serve spiritual beings. Your chief descendant, on the other hand, has not so many abilities as I, and is not so capable of serving spiritual beings. And, moreover, he was appointed in the hall of God to extend his aid to the four quarters of the empire, so that he might establish your descendants in this lower world. I will now seek for your orders from the great tortoise. If you grant what I request I will take these symbols and this mace and return and wait for the issue. If you do not grant it I will put them by. The duke then divined with the three tortoises, and all were favorable. He took a key, opened and looked at the oracular responses, which also were favorable. He said, 'According to the prognostic, the king will take no injury. I, who am but a child, have got his appointment renewed by the three kings, by whom a long futurity has been consulted for. I have to wait the issue. They can provide for our one man.' Then he returned and placed the tablets in the metal-bound coffer, and next day the king got better. Upon the death of King Woo, the duke's eldest brother, he of Kwan, and his younger brothers, spread a baseless rumor through the kingdom, saying, 'The duke will do no good to the king's young son.' Upon this the Duke of Chow represented to the two dukes, saying, 'If I do not take the law to these men, I shall not be able to make my report to our former kings.' He resided accordingly in the east for two years, when the criminals were got and brought to justice. Afterwards he made a poem to present to the king, and called it 'The Owl.' The king

on his part did not dare to blame the duke. In the autumn, when the grain was abundant and ripe, but before it was reaped, Heaven sent a great storm of thunder and lightning, along with wind, by which the grain was all beaten down, and great trees torn up. The people were greatly terrified, and the king and great officers, all in their caps of state, proceeded to open the metal-bound coffer, and examine the writings, when they found the words of the Duke of Chow, when he took on himself the business of taking the place of King Woo. The king and the two dukes asked the historian and all the other officers about the thing. They replied: 'Ah! it was really thus; but the duke charged us that we should not presume to speak about it.' The king held the writing and wept, saying, 'We need not now go on reverently to divine. Formerly the duke was thus earnest for the royal house, but I being a child, did not know it. Now Heaven has moved its terrors to display the virtue of the Duke of Chow. That I meet him a new man is what the rules of propriety of our empire require.' The king then went out to the borders, when Heaven sent down rain; and by virtue of a contrary wind the grain all rose up. The two dukes gave orders to the people to take up all the large trees which had fallen and replace them. The year then turned out very fruitful."

THE bust of Thackeray, by Baron Marochetti, which was recently placed near the tomb of Addison in Westminster Abbey, is by no means satisfactory to those who knew the great novelist, and retain his features in their recollections. The *Saturday Review*, which is severe on the work, thus photographs the vanished original:

"Thackeray's features are so well-known that we may, we think, anticipate that they will be before the reader's remembrance. They were not such as would have presented an easy task, even to an intimate friend and an able sculptor. Quiet power and pensive sweetness were the two chief elements in the face; these were, however, modified in some degree by the active, searching character of the eye, and by a certain nervous quickness in the region of the lips, betraying that the great painter of our manners possessed that gift of humor and sarcasm without which he could not have painted us so truly. The forehead was a noble piece of the modeling of nature, full of fine curves and lines and subtly-combined planes of surface; the nose, from the day when the young writer dubbed himself 'Michel Angelo' to his last playful sketch of himself, we all know was the subject of Thackeray's own amusing humor. The accident was so identified with the man that it almost became characteristic of him; no one could wish him otherwise; Lamb would have said he must have been born so, if he had not been made so; it was one of the little blemishes which make a face dearer to friendship. Let us add, as a minor though still a not unimportant touch, that no more thorough specimen of the Englishman of our century existed than was presented by Thackeray in his bearing and dress. He was classical, as Molière or Aristophanes was classical, by virtue of high genius employed on contemporary subjects, not in any way by look or manner. The image of such a head, modeled to occupy the place of honor near Addison, called certainly for no common skill, and would at any rate deserve to engage the greatest amount of diligence, finish, and taste on the part of any friend who should undertake it."

Those of us who remember Thackeray from his brief sojourn in America, can bear witness to the truth of this word-portraiture. How far the Baron has succeeded and failed is thus stated by the same authority:

"To a certain point the sculptor has succeeded. Thackeray's features were not only subtly, but strongly, marked; and we have here a fair superficial likeness of those points in his face which would be remembered by a casual visitor. But we fear we must ask for no more. Thackeray is not here in the intellectual modeling of the forehead, or the keen insight of the eye; the mouth wants the graciousness of his smile, and the quick mobility in which one saw his satire. But these were the points which marked the man, and these are the province of the artist; the general contour is what would be found in the merest photograph. It might be enough to sum up by saying that this is a weak, external kind of portrait; that, despite the advantages of the artist and the importance of the work, it no way rises above his ordinary level; that it conveys about as much of a likeness as an amateur often manages to secure—a kind of art of which M. Marochetti's always reminds us."

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENOX, an old dandy of the days of the Prince Regent, has just published two volumes of reminiscences, entitled "Drafts on My Memory: Being Men I have Known, Things I have Seen, Places I have Visited." One of his many drafts, which, by the way, are not very handsomely honored by his memory, gives us the following glimpse of the present Emperor of the French, when he was, not to speak it profanely, an adventurer in England:

"Soon after the Prince arrived in London, he was followed by a pugnacious Frenchman, who, for some public grievance or private pique, was anxious to fix a quarrel upon him. A challenge ensued, and the Prince's foe was looked upon as an expert shot with pistols. Although brave as a lion, Napoleon felt that he ought not to throw away a chance, and named the broadsword as his weapon. This led to some discussion. Lieut.-Col. Radcliffe, the French challenger's second, held a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, a regiment which had recently been commanded by my brother George; and anxious, upon so important an occasion, to consult a friend as to the line he ought to take, he requested Louis Napoleon to allow him half an hour to consider the matter. With

this view he called upon my brother, who was then lodging in the same house as myself in St. James's Street, but not finding him at home, he asked for me. He narrated the circumstance, and I at once took upon myself to say, that unquestionably the Prince, being the challenged party, had the right to name the weapons. Radcliffe adopted my suggestion, and the duel was arranged to take place with swords on Wimbledon Common. The combatants met there at seven o'clock, on the 3d of March, 1840, but the police interfered, and all parties concerned were taken to Bow Street. The principals were released on entering into their own recognizances of £500 each, and one security each of the same amount. Hearing that I had advised the use of the sword, Louis Napoleon expressed much gratitude to me, and to this slight cause I was indebted for an acquaintance of a most friendly nature, which brought about many social meetings. And, since this was written, I have to acknowledge a further result of our acquaintance, in the shape of a presentation copy of the 'Histoire de Jules Cæsar.'"

A STATUE to the poet Andrew Marvel is about to be erected in the town-hall, Hull, the city which he represented so incorruptibly in the lax days of Charles the Second. It is the gift of a Mr. Winship, of Hull.

PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, has a new poem in the press, entitled "Snow-Bound." It is understood to be partly autobiographical, and descriptive of the scenery about his home, which, we believe, is Amesbury, Massachusetts.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. CUTLER, somewhat known as a poet by his "Song of Steam" and "Song of Lightning," died recently at Washington. A native of Canada, he settled in Indiana, and when a young man became a member of the Legislature of that state. He became a resident of Kentucky, and was a captain in one of the regiments of that state in the war with Mexico. He took part in the battle of Buena Vista, receiving from the hands of Colonel Clay, who fell in that engagement, his pistols, which he gave on his return to his mourning father, at Ashland. Captain Cutter was for some years in the Treasury Department, at Washington, and afterwards practiced law in Cincinnati. His age is not stated.

SIR EDMUND HEAD will be offered, it is said, the post of chief librarian of the British Museum, on the retirement of Mr. Panizzi.

MR. PLANCHÉ, the dramatist, contributed to the Christmas festivities in London by one of his sparkling burlesques, "Orpheus in the Haymarket."

MONSIEUR CELESTINE CAVEDONI died recently at Modena. He was the prefect of the Palatine Library of that city, and the last member of the old Italian Archaeological School. An enthusiastic numismatist, his collection of old coins was one of the richest in Europe, and his works on the old Jewish and Roman coins, those of the Thracian kings, and those of Constantine the Great, are much in esteem among archeologists.

MR. JOHN STUART has accepted the office of rector of the University of St. Andrews, to which he was recently elected.

MR. ROBERT BELL, known by his excellent annotated edition of the British poets, has an excellent critical paper on "The Comedies of Etherege" in the last number of the "Fortnightly Review."

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., the *Times* correspondent, has just published his account of the second failure to lay the Atlantic telegraph, in a handsome volume, for which Mr. Robert Dudley has made sketches of the scenery, machinery, and manual labor connected with that undertaking.

DR. JOHN MARTIN LUPPENBERG, the historian, died lately at Hamburg.

M. GUIZOT is said to be revising the proof-sheets of the second volume of his "Religious Meditations." The eighth, and last, volume of his "Memoirs" is on the eve of publication.

MR. HENRY GILES, the essayist and lecturer, who is still an invalid, lately received a check for three hundred dollars from his friends in Montreal.

M. VICTOR SARDOU is a lucky man, if the sum which he is said to have made by his play, "Les Intimes"—\$14,000—is correctly stated.

It is again reported that Dumas, the elder, is coming to America. The last *on dit* concerning this erratic gentleman places him at Vienna, lecturing on science!

M. BIXIO, the founder of the "Journal d'Agriculture," died recently at Paris, at the age of fifty-seven, and was followed to his grave at Mount Parnasse Cemetery by

five thousand persons, including most men of note in the political, scientific, and literary world of France.

A MR. WILLIAM MARTIN, of England, is passing himself off, on his title-pages, at least, as the author of "Parley's Tales," a mendacious claim as regards any of the writings of the real "Peter Parley," the late Mr. S. G. Goodrich.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE was recently elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University.

PROFESSOR BARTH, the African traveler, died recently at Berlin in the forty-fourth year of his age. "He was an eminently handsome man," says a foreign correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, "and would be noticed in any gathering. Notwithstanding those five wearing years in Africa, exposed to every peril, witnessing the death of his companion, Vogel, and left alone, Barth came home to all appearance a well man. He died alone, being attacked with pain in the bowels, and, ere his servant could call a physician, and while she was gone for help, he passed away. He was never married. His expedition to Africa was the result of the same circumstances which made Theodore Körner a poet—he was crossed in love while a young man. His was always an adventurous spirit, however, and, while a very young man, he went to Palestine, and, instead of pursuing the beaten course of travel, he penetrated and explored several of the wild wadis which lead down to the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, spent months in investigating the geography of ancient Philistia, and risked his life where Robinson and Smith were too prudent to go. He was an accomplished scholar, having acquired the Arabic and many modern languages, that he might advance the better in his geographical studies. At the time of his death he was delivering a series of lectures in the university on the 'Physical Geography on the Basin of the Mediterranean.'"

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, the dramatist, has something to say in a late London weekly about one of his sensational children which has been stolen from him and surreptitiously brought to this country. We give his note entire:

"STOP THIEF!"

"Paris, December 18, 1866.

"Through the New York papers, and also by notices in some of the English theatrical journals, I learn that my original drama, 'Lost in London,' is now being played by Mr. J. W. Wallack, at the theater bearing his name.

"Five years ago I wrote the drama in question, with an eye to Mr. Benjamin Webster in the principal rôle, and it was to that gentleman I sold the London copyright. Since then the piece has been frequently in rehearsal, and a portion of the scenery painted, though circumstances over which I had no control postponed its production. Some time back Mr. Webster informed me that a person in his employ had *decanted* to America, taking with him, besides other property, a MS. copy of 'Lost in London.' The result of this act of rascality was soon apparent in the production, under another title, of my unpublished, and hitherto unacted, piece at one or more of the American theaters. Mr. Wallack, it appears, has now gone to work with even greater boldness, restoring to the stolen goods the original title.

"The drama of 'Lost in London' is entirely original, being alike peculiar in story and construction. Only two copies were made of the piece—one was placed in Mr. Webster's hands, the other remains still locked up in my desk. Such are the simple facts connected with a matter of great moment to me and 'authors' rights' in England.

"I am perfectly aware there is no law to protect a published work or an acted drama from American piracy; but this piece has neither been published nor acted—*simply stolen*; as much so as if my desk had been broken open, or my watch drawn from my pocket.

"The London copyright of 'Lost in London' (a title unfortunately but too appropriate) belongs, as before said, to Mr. Webster, and to that gentleman I refer for the truth of the statements contained in this letter.

"WATTS PHILLIPS."

DRAMA.

TOM TAYLOR'S LAST PLAY.

TOM TAYLOR's glory—like Boucicault's—is as absolutely a thing of the past, a light as it were shining from a distance, as if its possessor's name were engraven, once for all, upon a marble slab. The name, as we see it upon the programmes, has a care-worn, used-up air; and even the "Esq.," which has followed it so many years, seems like an old family attendant worn out in the service of its master. Dion Boucicault, too, is falling, as a dramatist, into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the dramatic world begins to look for new sensations, new authors, and, perhaps, for a new school of dramatic composition. We naturally ask ourselves who are to take the places of these two heroes of the quill dramatic—a question more easily asked than answered. However, in bidding them adieu, a few lines may not be wasted in a cursory glance at their respective careers, and perhaps

we can draw a lesson or two which may be useful to their successors in the field.

To draw a comparison between Tom Taylor and Boucicault would seem at first sight an injustice to the latter, in view of the *quasi* dignity and the brilliant wit of some of his earlier and his finest writings. But his works are so absolutely lacking in all moral dignity, and those of Taylor, for the most part, however sensational and frothy, are so beautifully pointed in this respect, that the specious brilliancy of the one can hardly claim precedence of the manly earnestness of the other. However, no thoughtful critic can deny to Boucicault a very great superiority in all the other qualities of a fine dramatist: and had he written one piece where he has written twelve, we should have now, in lieu of a formidable array of sensation melodramas, a neatly-bound volume containing half a dozen comedies, all of them brilliantly witty, full of dramatic effect, destitute of moral, exquisitely satirical, and exceedingly popular. As it is, there are two comedies, "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which will outlast his own life, and, when his other plays have given way to new sensations, the piquancy, dramatic interest, and scenic brilliancy of these two will continue to fascinate the public. The great mistake of Boucicault's life has been the constant dilution of his talents. And the same is true of Tom Taylor. With a fair inheritance of bankable talent, he has overdrawn his account; with a keen appreciation of dramatic effect, he has neglected the other essentials of the drama—wit, poetry, language. Satisfied with keeping the audience awake by the aid of scenery, shower-baths, moonlight, and murder, he has hurried from one play to another, tossing each at the public in a half-finished condition, to be swallowed, if not digested, by that good-natured polypus. And herein lies the very important lesson which these dramatists have left to their successors. Tom Taylor's reputation will rest in future almost entirely upon one comedy, and one of the best comedies, in a gentle way, of the age, to wit, "Still Waters Run Deep." Without brilliancy of wit, this comedy is, and will be, deservedly popular for the simplicity and interest of its plot, and for the honest, wholesome lesson in practical life which it contains. The "American Cousin" gave more reputation to its actors than to its author; it went up like a rocket, and came down like a stick. The "Ticket-of-leave Man," with its noble sentiment, its pathos, its diversity of character, and its intense interest, is, like most of its fellows, unfinished, loosely put together, and too highly sensational to be substantial. The "Serf" was a failure, and now the last work of a declining author is upon the stage at Wallack's; it is entitled "Henry Dunbar; or, The Outcast."

It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that while the playwright cannot claim merit for those dramatic points which the novel suggests, he is to be held responsible for all want of dramatic effect or taste; for he is bound to supply whatever the book fails to furnish, otherwise he should not attempt the task. This play seems to us to evince a sad decline on the part of the author. Unlike his former pieces, it lacks vivacity, and there is a dragging, wearisome sameness in the five acts (especially the first three) until Margaret's discovery of her father. There is a certain ghoulish kind of an interest thrown over the whole play. A kind of deathly hue enshrouds the characters, and even the liveliness of Fisher, Holland, and Mary Gannon fails to keep the audience in reasonably good spirits. Beyond the interest which murder and the devil usually create in the world, the piece is singularly lacking in attractiveness, and the audience would fall asleep *en masse* if it were not for the horrible dreams which might accompany that condition. The last act exhibits a very marked decline in the inventive talent of the author; the whole act is a clumsy, unnatural, and undignified conclusion to the piece, "dragging its slow length along" without interest and in bad taste. The conclusion of the first act exhibits a fearful lack of delicacy—whether in Tom Taylor or the stage-manager we cannot say. The exhibition of a cold corpse upon the stage, face upwards, on a bier, is better fitted for the Old Bowerly and the "Yi-yi" of the newsboys than for Wallack's theater and its refined audiences. After a glance at the face the cloth should be replaced; respect for the feelings of the audience demands this. The representation of this piece is good; Mr. Wallack has a good company—to call it the best in the city is but doubtful praise. The play has every advantage possible in its production; it will be as decided a failure, however, as the "Serf."

Taylor and Boucicault represent a certain school of dramatic composition; whoever may follow them should look to them not as models but for a lesson. That lesson is this: first, dramatic effect is not the whole aim of dramatic composition; and, second, whatever talent the

playwright may possess, it may be wasted by profligate and undue use, and however great the success of an early effort, it may be more than counterbalanced by a flood of half-finished, hurried, careless efforts afterwards.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE past week has been prolific in concerts. Parepa gave her last concert at the Academy of Music on Saturday, the 6th, and it was followed by another last concert on the following Monday. On Tuesday her farewell took place, and on Thursday she gave another and most positively last grand concert. This did not prevent her singing at a concert on Friday, in Brooklyn, nor forming part of the attraction at the Theodore Thomas Symphonie Soiree on Saturday night. Parepa is probably not herself responsible for the repeated announcements of the "last concert" twaddle. The lady will be in this country again next fall, and will be welcomed as so satisfactory a vocalist deserves to be.

AN excellent work for the church is Dr. Cutler's recently published volume of "Trinity Anthems." The compositions in this volume include several complete "services," and a variety of anthems adapted for the Sundays that occur in the earlier part of the ecclesiastical year. They all show the skillful and conscientious musician, and are entirely free from the frivolity and petty prettinesses which enervate our church music so much now-a-days. We confess, however, to finding the "Te Deums" monotonous; but with this exception the contents of the volume can be heartily recommended as not only masterly and church-like, but entirely available for ordinary choir use. The "Trinity Anthems" will, in time, prove to be among the classics of American church music.

MR. WEHLI, the pianist, has announced three pianoforte matinees at Wallack's Theater, not because he prefers day performances, but because there is no music hall to be had in the city for an evening concert. At these matinees Wehli plays his new and admirable fantasia on "Faust" and his "Home, Sweet Home" for the left hand alone.

THE Grau Opera Company have produced "L'Africaine" at Cincinnati, after two weeks' rehearsal. Gazzaniga was the *Selika*, Boschetti the *Inez*, and Musiani the *Vasco de Gama*. There has been so much said about Grau's singers, both favorably and adversely, that there is a real desire to hear them in this city. A few weeks of Grau opera here would attract very large audiences.

THE Maretzke Company have gone to Boston after a successful season in Philadelphia, where "L'Africaine" was the leading attraction. The New York season will open on the 1st of February.

THE musical people of New Orleans have, of late, been enjoying an unusual luxury in a series of performances of Italian opera. Max Strakosch has been there with his troupe, which includes Ghioni, Canissè, Patti-Strakosch, Errani, Maccaferri, Mancusi, Marra, and Susini. "Trovatore" was the opening opera, and "Martha," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Ernani," "Norma," and "Maria di Rohan" were also given. Ghioni and Errani are warmly praised by the critics. One writer congratulates as a *man* Maccaferri on his good health, but wishes that as an *artist* he had some illness that would temper the boisterous wildness of his singing.

In Mexico, where the opera is just now blooming under the genial rays of court influence, a new prima donna, Peralta by name, and Mexican by birth, has made a brilliant success. "Ione" is the favorite opera of the day at the Mexican capital, and a new work by a native composer, "Don Melesio Morales," will probably be produced soon. A Spanish opera company is playing in Zacatecas, and another Italian one at Puebla. Miss Natali is the prima donna of the latter troupe. Sulzer and Biachi are still in Mexico City. Donizetti's "Belisario" has, also, been revived with success. Among other admired singers now singing there are Sowerthal, Plodowski, and Alaba, *prime donne*, Tombesi, tenor, and Padilla, baritone. The following is the cast in "Ione" as lately produced in Mexico city: Arbace, Sr. Padilla; Yone, Srta. Alaba; Glauco, Sr. Tombesi; Nidia, Sra. Sulzer; Dirce, Sra. Pagliari; Burbo, Sr. Cornago; Salustio, Sr. Restano; Clodio, Sr. Villanueva.

The minstrel profession has a phraseology of its own. The fact of a certain vocalist leaving the ranks is announced by saying that he "has shook cork and retired from the biz." Ethiopian minstrelsy, by the way, is just now undergoing severe vicissitudes in this city. An old established company, Wood's, has just abandoned the field in New York and gone to the provinces. A new enterprise up town and another old one down town are barely paying expenses.

a matter, are as liable to attacks of the cholera as those who, knowing its danger, stand in dread of it.

Those who are the most apprehensive, and hence take the most precautions against the disease, are the most likely to escape it.

CLERGYMEN FOR SALE CHEAP.

IT is a very common practice for the venders of certain wares to employ the names of reputable clergymen as vouchers for their commodities. The custom was inaugurated several years ago by prominent ministers of this and neighboring cities, and has grown until of late it has become a conspicuous appendage of "well-to-do" pulpits. There is hardly any nostrum before the public that has not one or more affidavits of esteem from clergymen. And what adds to the importance of the matter, is that for these notices and words of favor the parties in question receive compensation. In other and plainer words, men who preach the gospel sell their names for a consideration—in many cases to the highest bidder. The pulpit is put up at a price. The clergyman is for sale at a bargain. Who bids first or most may receive the prize.

To go back to the beginning of the matter, we find that a professedly religious journal gave the first impetus to the matter a few years ago by lending the name of its editor in the interests of patent medicine dealers. Then a clergyman's wife allowed her name to be placarded with the advertisements of sewing machines and washing machines. The example was followed by others, until a new branch of business was presented to the clergy. By writing a testimonial in favor of somebody's patent wringing machine, or cooking stove, or baby tender, or piano, even larger profits could be secured than by writing sermons or delivering popular lectures. The mania has continued ever since, and now presents features disgraceful and altogether beneath the calling of those who indulge in it. Only a week ago, a leading religious paper of this city announced the fact that a number of clergymen had testified to the advantages of a new specialty in medicine—as though the testimony of clergymen in a matter like this is of more account than that of other persons. We need no facts to explain our meaning. It is something which is seen daily and hourly, and something which causes unceasing wonder to business men who are jealous of good names.

Among other ways in which clergymen allow their names to be used, one is in advertising newspapers. A minister likes a certain journal, and hopes to receive it gratuitously. He writes a fulsome puff of it to the editor or publisher, and concludes by promising to aid its circulation in his locality if his own copy can be had without cost. His letter is reproduced in circulars and sent to different parts of the country as an advertisement. Or some quack lecturer appears and is anxious to be bolstered upon the community by the clergyman's influence, and too often he secures all he can desire. Or letters of introduction or recommendation are given most indiscriminately. In fact, there are almost numberless ways by which men impose upon clergymen, and lower their dignity, and lessen their influence. It has become a very general and serious evil, and it is quite time that something be said or done to stop it.

Taking up our exchanges at random, we find among others the following clergymen lending their names as testimonials to either patent medicines, laughing-gas, sewing machines, wringing machines, bitters, or pianos:

Rev. William Alvin Bartlett, Brooklyn, N. Y.;	Rev. John C. Ingalls, Melrose, Mass.;
Rev. E. S. Potter, Gruefield, Mass.;	Rev. M. Griggs, New York City;
Rev. Theodore L. Caylor, Brooklyn, N. Y.;	Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York City;
Rev. Dr. Bellows, New York City;	Rev. A. C. Egleston, New York City;
Rev. Irenæus Prime, New York Observer;	Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.;
Rev. W. B. Lee, Brooklyn, N. Y.;	Rev. Wm. Smith, Philadelphia;
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.;	Rev. E. D. Fendall, <i>Christian Chronicle</i> , Philadelphia;
Rev. J. K. Chase, Rumney, N. H.;	Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Philadelphia;
Rev. H. D. Hodge, West Randolph, Vt.;	Rev. J. Newton Brown, Philadelphia;
Rev. J. S. Cathorn, Rochester, N. Y.;	Rev. W. D. Siegfried, Philadelphia; and
	Rev. D. Merrige, Philadelphia.

There are always some men, good and true, who will not suffer the faintest shadow of undignified conduct to reflect upon the pulpit. Appreciating the sacred ma-

jesty of their calling, they allow no impropriety to detract from its influence. These men buy their household utensils, their medicines, books, and papers. They would no more let their names be branded along with the trade-mark of a speculator, than they would suffer the walls of their churches to be transformed into advertising panels. Such men there are. They are chary with their names, as every Christian minister should be, and yet are not slow to aid a really good enterprise. But they do not blazon patent medicines across their pulpits; they do not preach sewing machines and wringing machines to the whole nation, and the religion of Christ to a paltry congregation. They keep their names holy and sacred, nor think for a moment to take advantage of their position to fill their own or another's purse. Such there are, and such should be every true minister of the gospel of Christ.

THE FALLEN AGAIN.

THE article in a recent issue of this paper entitled "How to Rescue the Fallen" has elicited a number of letters from this and other cities, all of which we would like to print if we had the requisite space. Each correspondent enlarges upon the magnitude of the evil and the obstacles in the way of removing it, and some even venture to suggest plans for overriding these obstacles. One of the letters is printed elsewhere, to which we shall refer more directly ere we have done. Naturally enough, nearly all writers err in accepting a project for rescuing fallen women as identical with a plan for removing the evil to which they contribute, and, imbued with this notion, suggest what they consider more efficacious means for accomplishing the latter. The fact is, to restore the fallen is one thing, but to stop the practice of the vice of which they are votaries is quite another thing. Of course, the great object to be attained is the thorough purification of society; and one, and only one, of the means for accomplishing this, is the restoration of those who have fallen. In general terms society may be regarded as made up of two classes of persons—the pure and the impure. There are, therefore, three things to be done before it can attain to that degree of virtue which all well-meaning persons believe to be necessary to its full development. These are:

I. The restoration of the fallen.

II. Provisions for preventing the pure from falling.

III. The adoption of measures to secure the permanent purity of society.

Each one of these is a problem of itself, and the three combined constitute one of the grand problems which society has yet to solve; yet so interwoven are the three with each other, that every effort to solve one has a direct bearing upon the solution of the others.

The letter printed in another column refers chiefly to the second of the problems stated above. We give it not so much for the value of its suggestions as an example of the manner in which the subject is too often treated. There is an air of flippancy about the communication which, whether intentional or otherwise, deserves stern condemnation. The writer is correct, however, in reckoning men as well as women among "the fallen," and in advocating that measures be taken for preserving the purity of our young men as well as for rescuing the poor girls who, having yielded to temptation, are the persistent tempters of those who represent the other sex. But he overlooks the fact that the social position of a woman who has strayed from the path of virtue is far lower than that of a man who has wandered from the same path. While this distinction between the sexes has its root in a higher estimation of woman than is accorded to man, and oftentimes restrains a girl from yielding to temptation, it is only just that equal disgrace should be visited upon the fallen of either sex.

Dismissing at this point all generalities, we invite attention to certain facts of peculiar interest to the inhabitants of this city. There are in New York city to-day 7,500 public prostitutes, and at least 2,500 women besides who visit houses of assignation, making a total of 10,000. Estimating the total population of the city at 900,000, and allowing that 500,000 of these are females, it follows that one female out of every

fifty in the metropolis (including children of all ages) is a victim to sexual passion. This proportion becomes still more appalling when allowance is made for girls who have not reached the age of puberty. But we forbear. The record is sickening enough as it stands, even without referring to that large and increasing class of women who, scorning the name of prostitute, shield themselves behind another too sadly near the sacred name of wife. Yet here are facts. Shutting the eyes to them by reason of a mistaken delicacy will do no good; rather will it work harm. And society will never purge itself of its impurities until it recognizes the existence of this vice, just as it does that of intemperance.

The recent report of the Police Commissioners also contains some important facts pertaining to this subject. We learn from this document that there are over two hundred concert saloons in this city, employing nearly twelve hundred girls as waiters; the number of visitors to these places each day amounts to nearly thirty thousand, and the receipts each week to over thirty thousand dollars. As an incentive to vice, there is nothing in the city to compare with these concert saloons. A few years since the Legislature, with a view of uprooting this evil, passed a law prohibiting the employment of female waiters at musical or theatrical entertainments, but the law was at once evaded by dispensing with those features and retaining what was much worse—the female waiters and liquor. There is a new bill before the present Legislature designed to meet this evasion of the old law which, if so framed as to accomplish the object in view, should be passed at once and enforced without stint. These facts deserve the careful consideration of our people. This is not a matter in which it can be claimed that Christian people alone are interested, but the responsibility of acting upon it rests upon every man and woman in the community.

And now the old question comes up. What is to be done? So far as experience may serve as a guide, little is to be expected from merely reformatory measures, though they have their place in the plan for improving the condition of society. Leaving out of view the grip which vice retains upon its victims physically, the inducements usually offered to fallen women to relinquish their mode of life have but little weight with them. It is too often overlooked that one of the main reasons for their adopting and adhering to so shameless a trade is the means it affords them for gratifying an inborn love of display. Nearly all of these women are of exceedingly humble origin, and very many are the offspring of no sanctioned marriage, cast upon the world with a stigma that cannot be effaced, and thrown from birth among the vilest class of the community. What wonder that they yield to temptation—especially if thereby they can obtain material comforts which, otherwise, they could not do more than wish for, and secure the company of men whom, in their original position, they could never meet? Add to these the attentions, the flatteries, the gifts which a life of shame is sure to bring to them, and which an innate instinct teaches them to prize, and it is plain that the inducements to continue their trade as wantons must be counterbalanced by something besides the promise of a plain home and a chance to earn an honorable livelihood, if we would hope to win them from their life of death. Nor is this all. Society, be it ever so charitable, shrinks from association with a woman about whom there clings the slightest taint of impurity; and who so quick to detect that they are shunned as these women who are struggling to reform? What more sure to drive them back to their old mode of life than the faintest indication that their new associates regard them as inferiors? In view of these considerations and the lessons of experience, we look for no great results from measures designed merely for the reformation of the fallen. Yet we would not decry them. As a part of the means employed to purify society, they have their place and will accomplish good in the end. But the point we desire to urge is, that they are not sufficient of themselves nor by themselves, and can only be relied upon in connection with other measures devised for preserving the purity of those who have resisted temptation. Concerning the latter we may have something to say in our next issue.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS.

STRANGERS in Boston until recently have looked with some surprise at the antiquated building at the corner of Washington and School Streets, when they saw that it bore above the door the well-known names at the head of this article. A notion had been naturally formed of the local habitation of so well-known a house commensurate with its name. The building was erected just after a desolating fire had swept over a large tract of the then town of Boston, in 1711, in this neighborhood, thus giving it a respectable antiquity for even so ancient a town as Boston. The building is of brick (painted latterly), of two stories, surmounted by a gambrel-roof, a designation not so familiar outside of New England that Holmes's lines may not be needed by some—

"Gambrel? gambrel? Let me beg
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg—
First great angle above the hoof—
That's the gambrel—hence gambrel-roof;"

—if indeed, among the book-buyers of the country there are any who have failed to mark the delineation of the edifice which stood so long on the catalogues of its occupants, and still stands, not much changed in externals, upon that of Messrs. Dutton & Co., their successors on the spot.

The "old corner," as it has long been familiarly called by Bostonians, had been, since 1829, the stand of the book-publishing house of Carter & Hendee, when it passed into the possession of the original partners of the present house.

Mr. William D. Ticknor, a native of Lebanon, New Hampshire, and born in 1810, came to Boston when about fifteen years old, and joined an uncle of the same name, who was established in business as a broker. About three years later the uncle died, leaving his nephew in charge of the business. Mr. Ticknor pursued the occupation with success, but for only three years, when he accepted the position of a teller in the old Commercial Bank, where two years more were passed.

The name of Ticknor was already associated with American letters, and a kinsman of his, some twenty years his elder, indeed, held the professorship of polite literature at Harvard, and it is somewhat coincidental that when Mr. Ticknor now associated himself with Mr. Allen, and the new firm of Allen & Ticknor succeeded to the business and stand of Carter & Hendee, in 1833, among the authors with whom they earliest formed connection was Mr. Longfellow, who was so soon to succeed Professor Ticknor in the professorial chair at Cambridge. While a professor at Bowdoin, Mr. Longfellow had included in an essay on the poetry of Spain, which was printed in the "North American," his version of the stanzas of the soldier-poet Manrique on the death of his father, which now, together with some translations of sonnets from Lope de Vega, made up the little volume which bore the imprint of the new firm, and was the first of the poet's independent publications thus issued, in 1833.

In the employ of their predecessors the new house found a young man, also a New Hampshire boy, some ten years the junior of Mr. Ticknor, and young Fields was invited to continue in a like relation to his new employers. Mr. Allen, after some years of service, retired in 1837, and died subsequently in New York, whither he had removed. The business was now conducted by Mr. Ticknor alone till 1844, and subsequently as William D. Ticknor & Co., on the admission of partners whose names did not appear till 1851 in Ticknor, Reed & Fields. The second member was the son of a gentleman long known in Massachusetts as the lieutenant-governor of the commonwealth; and the junior member was the same who is now the head of the house. On Mr. Reed's retiring, in 1854, to assume the presidency of a bank, the present style of Ticknor & Fields was assumed. No further change took place till the death of Mr. Ticknor at Philadelphia, in April, 1864, where, in company with Mr. Hawthorne, he was on his way to Cuba, both gentlemen seeking their health. Mr. Field's, as the surviving partner, associated with himself Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, who retained his father's interest in the establishment, and Mr. James R. Os-

management of their business. The style of the firm was not changed. On the 1st January, 1866, Mr. John Spencer Clark, long a clerk with them, was admitted into the partnership. Such are the vicissitudes in the changes of its members that this house, in common with, we believe, all of its Boston competitors, except, perhaps, that of Crocker & Brewster, has suffered during this interval of over thirty years.

The building which they occupied so long was never commodious, and a rapidly increasing business rendered it inconvenient long before they could determine to break the ties of association and give up the extreme eligibility of its situation. The main salesroom was low in the walls and cramped in space; the office department was crowded and ill-lighted; their bins and packing-room were insufficient, and it needed a fertile brain, at short intervals, to contrive some miracle of carpentry by which a few more books could be stowed away.

During the past summer, having relinquished the general retail business to the house now occupying the "old corner," they moved into the building on Tremont Street, which they had fitted to their purposes. The main apartment is used for the exposition of their own publications, to which alone their retail trade is now restricted. In the rear of this are the various offices, which are ample and convenient. The cellar contains the multitude of bins and packing-room, having access to a side court for the delivery of the packages. The second story contains some editorial offices connected with their periodicals, another storage room for books, and a large reading room for the use of their guests. All the prominent American and foreign periodicals are here arranged on tables and racks. Two original portraits at present adorn the walls. One of the late President Felton, of Harvard, whose lectures, by the way, before the Lowell Institute—four courses—on "Ancient and Modern Greece," they have now in press. The other is what his friends consider the best likeness ever taken of Mr. Longfellow, done by Healey some five years ago, representing the poet at three-quarters length, one hand pressed behind the thigh and leaning upon a cane. The head is the last engraved one accompanying his poems, showing a full gray beard about a front face. Several engraved heads are also on the walls. Adjoining is the private room of the senior partner. The walls here are hung with some pleasant souvenirs of the house's history, recalling its connection with authors at home and abroad. Here hangs the large photograph of Hawthorne, from which that brilliant head lately engraved was taken; and, opposite, another of the friend he was so soon to follow to another world, that of the late Mr. Ticknor himself—the countenance that of a man of purpose and integrity. Here, also, are Holmes, cheery and awake; Emerson, with a smile that invites you and then conquers; Lowell, noticeable and not a little pugnacious, as those that have felt the stroke of his satire fully know, who is, by the way, preparing just now another series of the "Biglow Papers." Then, from other lands, we have the head of Goethe, so remarkably developed that Dr. Holmes thinks it the fullest expression of intellect that he has ever seen; accompanying it is a sheet of his genuine script. A like memorial is attached to the head of Scott, as, also, to Jean Paul's hearty face. Joined with the scholarly head of Landor is a script, written in Florence, awarding this house all the right in a collected edition of his writings, as far as he can give it, which has been in contemplation with them for some time. The opening of the war delayed the project, which it is to be hoped will again be revived. Mr. Hilliard's little volume of selections ought not to suffice the scholarly class among us, since a more popular acceptance the works of Landor can hardly be expected to command. Here is, also, a head of Tennyson—that dreamy, lotus-eating countenance which they have had engraved for his works, which is not so pleasant to us as the much more manly and lofty-thoughted face of the later engraving. Here, too, is a photograph of an unusual likeness of Lamb—a drawing representing Elia sitting in a cramped posture at a desk, remarkable for a large nose and attenuated limbs, accompanied, likewise by a fragment of his manuscript.

would be very curious, if we could command a

series of the catalogues of this house, to trace the growth of their literary connections, and note the vicissitudes of authorial fame, for the extinguisher, "out of print," fell oftener formerly than now (since stereotyping is so much practiced), and including in its victims many a name that had its chosen circle of sympathizers, but had failed with the general. Such a series of catalogues, however, has not been preserved, and we are forced to confine our explorations among such stray ones as we find bound up with their issues of various years. If we contrast the issue of 1855 with that of 1865, we shall mark the increase that accrues to perseverance and success in a decade. Ten years ago their list embraced only some seventy-five authors and about 180 volumes in all, and included hardly anything which has been suffered to get out of print, unless it be Mr. Sumner's speeches, some of Henry Giles's writings, and Mackay's poems. Their catalogue of the present date covers something over 200 authors, and embraces between 600 and 700 volumes, running mostly in 16mo, 12mo, and the "blue and gold." They issue very few volumes in 8vo and large 4to. Their catalogue is divided among the various branches of literature approximately in this wise:

Novels, etc.	27 per cent.
Poetry, drama, etc.	25 per cent.
Criticism, essays, etc.	15 per cent.
History, personal recollections, biography, etc.	11 per cent.
Education, religion, morals, etc.	7 per cent.
Juveniles	7 per cent.
Travel, adventure, etc.	3 per cent.
Health, medicine, etc.	3 per cent.
Natural history and others	2 per cent.

In addition to this are their periodicals. "The North American Review" in its long history has been in many hands, and publisher after publisher has failed to make it bring remuneration corresponding to the care bestowed upon it. The reader may remember it was begun fifty years ago last year (1865); and, having been issued every two months for the first three years, became subsequently a quarterly, and more exclusively a review proper, which character it has retained since. Its issues have always been marked by scholarship, but it never succeeded, except in a transient number or so, in touching the popular mind, and can hardly have been said to exert even a literary influence corresponding with the weight of its various conductors. Dana and others of its earliest supporters did not fail to recognize the coming poet in Wordsworth, but its influence was powerless to direct the popular appreciation. On questions not purely literary, perhaps the most signal occasion of its inciting the general observation was when Mr. Bowen, during his editorship, took ground against the popular impulse on the Hungarian question; but the almost universal suffrage against such sympathies was not calculated to advance its publishers' interest. Dr. Peabody, during his decade of editing, failed to give it a tone to secure anything like dominance in thought. His scholarship was sufficient; his contributors of a high class; but his philosophy was not positive, and there were no deep incisions in the current thought made by any trenchant influence. He resigned it to James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton ten years ago, and not long after it passed under the management, pecuniarily, of the present publishers. It is endeavoring now by the most positive affiliations in politics, and by a style of literary criticism that sometimes carries severity to exasperation, and under the impulses of a taste more fastidious than it has recently known, to secure by its own raciness a position more in correspondence with its character as the highest of our literary tribunals. Such qualities of an intrinsic character, added to the more abundant resources for pushing it into favor, especially by the clubbing arrangements they offer with their other periodicals, than it has before enjoyed, may give the desired prominence.

The "Atlantic Monthly" was started very inopportunistically by the late house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., at the season of the great financial crisis in 1857. At the time of the dissolution of that firm it passed to the present proprietors in November, 1859, having then a circulation of about 20,000, and had varied from that to near 30,000 in the time past. It at present stands at about 50,000, with a steady increase.

There were two other projects of this kind that their circumstances had forced repeatedly upon their consideration, and even required by economy of use

of that quantity of matter accruing to their hands from their large connections with authors, here and abroad. "Our Young Folks," now before the juvenile public for a year and more, and jumping at once to a large circulation, showing the necessity for it, was one of these; and the other the weekly which they have started with the new year, under the name of *Every Saturday*, which is intended to be the vehicle of periodic communication for the authors of Great Britain, who enjoy in their own magazines a similar manner of meeting their readers in the intervals of their accumulative volumes, the habits of writing running so largely into this fashion of installments in these latter years.

We purpose another week to give some particulars of the relations that their long list of native and foreign authors sustain towards the American public, and of the instrumentality of this house in the matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, December 23, 1865.

I GAVE you some account of a lecture by J. Anthony Froude, the historian, in which he grappled with Mr. Buckle on the idea of a science of history—the existence or possibility of which Mr. Froude denies. This accomplished historian has recently given, before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, a lecture on the "Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character," in which he again encounters Buckle; this time in regard to the famous chapter in the "History of Civilization" concerning the bigotry and superstition of the Scotch, and the consequent narrowness and poverty which have always crippled them. After giving a masterly outline of the Reformation in Scotland, and the revolution which went hand-in-hand with it, the lecturer came to the point where the Stuarts enter on their crusade against the kirk. "Suppose now," he said, "the kirk had been the broad, liberal, philosophical, intellectual thing which some people think it ought to have been, how would it have fared in that crusade; how altogether would it have encountered those surpluses of Archbishop Laud or those dragons of Claverhouse? It is hard to lose one's life for a 'perhaps,' and philosophical belief at the bottom means a 'perhaps,' and nothing more. For more than half the seventeenth century the battle had to be fought out in Scotland, which in reality was the battle between despotism and liberty, and where, except in an intense, burning conviction that they were maintaining God's cause against the devil, could the poor Scotch people have found the strength for the unequal struggle which was forced upon them? Toleration is a good thing in its place, but you cannot tolerate what will not tolerate you, and is trying to cut your throat. Enlightenment you cannot have enough of, but it must be the true enlightenment which sees a thing in all its bearings. In these matters the vital questions are not always those which appear on the surface; and in the passion and resolution of brave and noble men there is often an inarticulate intelligence deeper than what can be expressed in words. Action sometimes will hit the mark when the spoken word either misses it or is but half the truth. On such subjects, and with common men, latitude of mind means weakness of mind. There is but a certain quantity of spiritual force in any man. Spread it over a broad surface, the stream is shallow and languid; narrow the channel, and it becomes a driving force. Each may be well in its own time. The mill-race which drives the water-wheel is dispersed in rivulets over the meadow at its foot. The Covenanters fought the fight and won the victory, and then, and not till then, came the David Humes with their essays on miracles, and the Adam Smiths with their political economies, and steam engines, and railroads, and philosophical institutions, and all the other blessed and unblessed fruits of liberty."

Mr. Froude thinks that the austerity and harshness of the Scotch of those days is exaggerated. He rather gathers from the vehemence and frequency of the denunciations of worldly amusements by the pulpits that the people were not in the habit of denying themselves too immoderately. "Sermons always exaggerate the theoretic side of things; and the most austere preacher, when he is out of the pulpit, and you meet him at the dinner-table, becomes singularly like other people. We may take courage, I think; we may believe safely that in those ruin-stricken days men were not altogether so miserable; we may hope that no large body of human beings have for any length of time been too dangerously afraid of enjoyment. . . . I should rather say that

the Scots had been an unusually happy people. Intelligent industry, the honest doing of daily work with a sense that it must be well done, under penalties; the necessities of life moderately provided for; and a sensible content with the situation of life in which men are born—this through the week, and at the end of it the 'Cotter's Saturday Night', the homely family gathered reverently and peacefully together, and irradiated with a sacred presence; happiness! such happiness as we human creatures are likely to know upon this world will be found there, if anywhere."

The witch-tortures and burnings were terribly portrayed by Mr. Froude, and he gave the *rationale* of them: "The belief in witches was common to all the world. The prosecution and punishment of the poor creatures was more conspicuous in Scotland when the kirk was most powerful; in England and New England, when Puritan principles were also dominant there. It is easy to understand the reasons. Evil of all kinds was supposed to be the work of a personal devil; and, in the general horror of evil, this particular form of it, in which the devil was thought especially active, excited the most passionate detestation. Thus even the best men lent themselves unconsciously to the most detestable cruelty. Knox himself is not free from reproach. A poor woman was burned at St. Andrews when he was living there, and when a word from him would have saved her. It remains a lesson to all time, that goodness, though the indispensable adjunct to knowledge, is no substitute for it; that when conscience undertakes to dictate beyond its province, the result is only the more monstrous." Yet, after all, Mr. Froude thinks cases such as the worst on record were few, and affected but lightly the general condition of the people. And, in connection with this, he concluded with a fine passage which holds so good a warning to the student of history that I must add it here: "The student running over the records of former times, finds certain salient things standing out in frightful prominence. He concludes that the substance of those times was made up of the matter most dwelt on by the annalist. He forgets that the things most noticed are not those of everyday experience, but the abnormal, the extraordinary, the monstrous. The exceptions are noted down, the common and usual is passed over in silence. The philosophic historian, studying hereafter this present age, in which we are ourselves living, may say that it was a time of unexampled prosperity, luxury, and wealth; but catching at certain horrible murders which have lately disgraced our civilization, may call us a nation of assassins. It is to invert the pyramid and stand it on its point. The same system of belief which produced the tragedy I have described, in its proper province as the guide of ordinary life, has been the immediate cause of all that is best and greatest in Scottish character."

ORTHOPEY.

Professor Newman has prepared and is about to publish a work upon English orthoepy which, if its merits can, in these times of political and other excitements, find a fair canvassing among educated people, will produce a revolution in the ordinary mode of teaching pronunciation. I lately sent you a little paragraph about the difference between the pronunciation of familiar words and names in America and England. There are both in this country and in America almost as many English dialects as one finds German ones on the Rhine—where it does not follow if one finds himself able to make himself understood at Frankfort that he will be at all understood in Cologne. Prof. Newman believes that there is such a thing as a correctly pronounced English language, and that in all English-speaking nations and sections it should be known and adhered to. This new little pamphlet proposes to print elementary works of instruction, with an understood set of accents; and also to teach the eye and ear at once by presenting to the mind simple words in alliteration and rhyme, as bat, cat, rat, etc. The work is—as I can testify from having examined the MS. of it—very interesting, and would surely, if the system of accentuation were adopted, do away with the provincialisms and vulgarisms which form now a Kakoepe fauna in every section. It would render it impossible for any one taught by it—and the system is far from complex—ever to mistake the pronunciation of a word. Professor Newman is particularly desirous that his system should be employed in the teaching of blacks and whites in the Southern States of America, and has dedicated the pamphlet "to the philanthropists of the United States."

LITERARY NOTES.

A copy of the first edition of Milton's "Samson Agonistes" was sold at Sotheby's rooms, last week, in which an important emendation, evidently one made by the poet himself, appears in MS. on the margin—an emendation

which greatly improves the lines to which it refers. Lines 1,532-33 of the poem are printed thus:

"Chorus.—For God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?"

This is certainly halting rhythm for Milton. The following emendation is more satisfactory:

"For God of old hath for his people wrought
Things as incredible; what hinders now?"

Mr. Panizzi, the distinguished librarian of the British Museum, who resigned last summer, and obtained a superannuation allowance of a special character, has been persuaded to remain at his post till March next—the time fixed for his leaving was Christmas—on account of some important reforms which are to be made in the arrangements of the Museum. Amongst those who have been named as successors to Mr. Panizzi are Sir Edmund Head, Sir Francis Sanford, Sir Frederick Madden, Mr. Winter Jones, and Mr. Newton.

A poetical brochure of more than ordinary subtlety and wit has just been issued from the house of Trübner & Co. The author's name is kept a profound secret. It is entitled "The Omnibus." The writer, after consulting his muse as to how he shall best see London, is pointed by that dame to an omnibus—perched on the top of which "Colossus of our Roads" he starts forth on his journeyings. He criticises statues, buildings, theater-placards, and all manner of things with excellent wit, and gives capital sketches of the various preachers who, in one way or the other, are managing to make their mark on Behe-moth. The poem is short as well as sweet—only some six or seven hundred lines.

VICTOR HUGO'S FETE.

The annual festival provided for the poor of the Isle of Guernsey by Victor Hugo, occurred at Hauteville House, as usual, this year. After dinner the children all had presents given them and all were very happy. There was a large number of his neighbors present, and M. Hugo made a characteristic address. The *Morning Star* has received an account, which says that M. Hugo referred to the fact of his plan having been most successfully adopted in different parts of England and America, and alluded to two institutions in London where his plan had met with great success. From his personal experience he could testify to the excellent results of the system, the condition of the children being ameliorated as regarded their health, and, as a matter of course, their morality was improved. M. Hugo thus continued:

"The original idea of this work is not mine, but a great and noble example of Jesus Christ. 'Sinite parvos venire ad me.' (Suffer little children to come unto me.) Let the children of the poor enter the houses of the rich. But according to my ideas there are no rich, for God gives man nothing, but only lends us the blessings we possess. God causes me to open my doors to the poor, and by his mercy am I enabled to be the humble instrument of his gracious and generous intentions. There are two kinds of wealth: external and internal. External wealth was money; internal wealth health for the body, morality for the soul. External wealth fadeth and passeth away. Internal wealth never dies. We cannot give the poor all the external wealth we possess, but it was our duty to give them, so far as we could, health and morality. In ameliorating the physical condition of the poor, their moral education necessarily follows, and their souls are elevated by affording health and strength to their bodies. There is a faith common to all religions—God. There is a sympathy known to all men—childhood. It is in this faith and with this sympathy we are here met to-day. Accident only has made these children poor. Hitherto the festivities of Christmas seem only to exist for the children of the rich—not for the poor. This should not be; if there be not joy and pleasure amidst a child's life, that life becomes a blank. After the repast I have given these children I present them with what is most useful to them, and then I cause them to receive toys which will make them happy, and bring joy and mirth and gladness to their dull and poor homes. I think now I have done my duty towards these poor innocents. I adopt and practice the noble precept of Jesus Christ—'Suffer little children to come unto me.' I now display unto you the child's due of Christmas. Let us hope the day may come when I may assist in planting for humanity the great tree of liberty."

The doors were then opened, and, in an adjoining room the children beheld a Christmas tree, most tastefully decorated with different toys suitable for the enjoyment of juveniles of both sexes. Adèle receives her doll with rapture, and Johnny his ship or transparent slate with delight. A lottery takes place for the juvenile guests, consisting of all prizes of equal value and no blanks, and the children depart well-fed, well-clothed, and happy with their toy treasures.

PROF. TYNDALL TO THE CHILDREN.

Yesterday Prof. Tyndall gave the first of a series of juvenile lectures at the Royal Institute. He illustrated the elementary laws of the transmission of sound by placing a bell under a glass receiver and exhausting the air, when the sound of the striking of the hammer ceased to be heard.

Hydrogen gas was then admitted, and still no sound or a very faint noise was heard; but as common air was gradually introduced the bell made more and more noise on the striking of the hammer. He then showed the curious effect that hydrogen has upon the human voice by filling his lungs with the gas, and continuing his remarks in a squeaking tone, to the intense delight of the younger portion of his hearers. The transmission of sound by tubes and the method by which the waves of air travel were next illustrated, followed by experiments to prove the analogy between the motion of vibrations of sound and undulations of light. A beam of light from an electric lamp placed near a clock was thrown from the gallery of the institution upon a large concave mirror, in front of which the reflected rays were again brought to a focus. On placing the ear at this focus, and removing the light, the ticking of the clock above was distinctly heard. He reversed the experiment by placing a watch in the shorter focus of the mirror, so that its ticking could be heard at the longer focus in the gallery. The transmission of sound through a column of water, a rod of deal, and a rod of glass was rendered sensible to the audience by Prof. Tyndall, who also exhibited a "lens for sound," consisting of a thin india-rubber balloon filled with carbonic acid gas. The end of a rod communicating with a piano in the room below protruded through the floor of the lecture-room, and, on placing a board or any large surface thereon to communicate the sound-vibrations to the air, the music was distinctly heard. The lecturer concluded his experiments by showing the transmission of sound through a long gutta-percha tube. One end of the tube he held in his hand, and the other passed through several rooms into a back yard, where a lady sang into the end of the pipe. In this way a flood of harmony was admitted through the pipe into the hall, concluding with "God Save the Queen," which Prof. Tyndall silenced at intervals by sticking his thumb into the tube.

M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, January 15, 1866.

ANOTHER of the recent books that I have not given the proper attention to in the pressure of the holidays is Mrs. Stowe's "Little Foxes," from Ticknor & Fields. The readers of the "Atlantic," from which the papers that compose it have been taken, know its character; and others need only be told that it is a discussion of the various obnoxious traits that mar our household happiness, like fault-finding, irritability, and the rest, to which she applies the scriptural designation of "little foxes that spoil the vines." The subjects are treated discursively, but with much good sense, involving, of course, some platitudes, and relieved by an anecdotal vein of pleasantry. It is certainly much pleasanter reading than the "Young Wife's Assistant" and books of that stamp usually are, and if not calculated to advance its author's reputation as a writer, it is evidence that the novelist's observation can be turned to account practically as well as artistically.

She touches upon one point that is much agitated with us just now. Under the head of "Intolerance," after designating the dominance of studying housewifery prejudices that bear their unreasonable rule, as prejudices always do among neighbors, such as the test of the "likely" woman that she will never make pillow-cases without felling, and other equally dogmatic notions of domesticity, she turns to the matter of prospective education as touching the cases of parents who determine upon the future of their children independently of any study of their natural predilections. This, of course, leads to the question I refer to—the adequacy of a prescribed routine of study to promote proper education for all classes of minds, ending, of course, in a consideration of the so-called classical "curriculum" as the proper or only means to the desirable end; and the discussion of this question has been of late prominently brought before us by Dr. Jacob Bigelow's address before the Institute of Technology on the "Limits of Education" (published by E. P. Dutton & Co.), and, directly and indirectly respectively, by Professor W. P. Atkinson's discourse upon "Classical and Scientific Studies, and the great Schools of England" before the same body, and his lecture on "Dynamic and Mechanic Teaching" before the American Institute of Instruction, both of which bear the imprint of Sever & Francis, Cambridge. All of these take ground against the exclusive study of the Greek and Latin, professing a high regard for their worth as collateral means of education, but deprecating the exclusive use—or rather misuse—that is made of them. The question is, of course, somewhat threadbare, but is renewed with vigilance and directness, with assiduous argument and some new data; and, as the urgings of the revolution are

in some measure, representative writers, it is worth while to follow out briefly their parallel discussion. Dr. Bigelow outranks, perhaps, as a medical practitioner all of his compeers in Boston; he is a man of reputation as a scholar, and of ripe years, and his defection from the old system is significant of hesitancy, at least, among the oldest of our students and men whose study of the classics has been the foundation of professional training. Mr. Atkinson is a professor of English literature and language in the new Institute of Technology (whose name is significant of antagonistic tendencies), and has been a practical educator in our normal schools, and, accordingly, speaks with such experience as it may give him. That he possesses radical notions upon the theory of education, and, while proud of what our common-school system has done, believes in criticising it rather than lauding it as the only means to continued progress, is very evident from his lecture above designated. Mrs. Stowe may be looked upon as the exponent of a growing popular sentiment founded on an exercise of good sense, independently of precise experience or the instinct of scholarly thought.

Let us take the more popular exposition first. She does not believe in sending John, a born mechanic, to the Latin school to drag out a miserable life at the tail of his class, hopelessly bewildered, and, consequently, spiritless amid a maze of Greek accents and Latin prosody. She believes that the course of drill pursued in that school is adapted for only a small class of minds, and crushes and discourages others; that it has not enough of mental discipline for those who take kindly to it, and has an overwhelming amount of it for John. She is willing to admit that the Greek and Latin classics, having the fame they possess, offer a goodly land of knowledge to those that are apt in entering it, but that it is a misfortune that only one dry, hard, technical path, one sharp, straight, narrow way, is allowed for traveling towards it when the highway might be made broad and pleasant, and as alluring as those which afford entrance to the modern languages. She contends that to push a lad over this ungenial road is only putting a premium on habits of shamming, shirking, and "ponying." She meets the assertion that this system is best adapted for mental discipline by denying it *in toto*—calling it a mere waste of time; and that the exercise of the memory in the long lists of the Latin grammar were better transferred to the committing of useful facts, which will answer some purpose after the exercise of the memory is over. It comes to the conclusion that "Latin and Greek are folly belied by the prejudices created by this technical, pedantic mode of teaching them, and that many die in the wilderness with their shoes worn out before reaching the Promised Land of Plato and the tragedians."

Now let us follow out the professed scholar. Dr. Bigelow begins by noting the vast gains in comfort and knowledge over the state of things half a century ago, believing the amount of acquisitions incident to civilization to be more than double and, in many cases, more than tenfold what they were at the opening of this century, and likely to be still proportionably increased at its close. When he considers the vast strides that within his memory has been made in geography, geology (created, as it were), chemistry (still in its infancy), and natural history; in metaphysics, ethical and political science; in mechanics; in astronomy; and in the domain of literature, the greatly widened bounds of history, fiction, philology, etc.; and even the attempts in periodical literature to shorten the road to acquisition by reviews and compendiums, requiring, at least, somebody to review the reviews, and condense, redact, and digest the compendiums—in view of this he considers it of paramount importance to learn how, in a lifetime, education can be made to conduce most to the progress, the efficiency, the virtue, and the welfare of man. It is, in his opinion, by *subdivision and selection*, in the place of the traditional "liberal" education, as it is called, which is made to cover only law, physic, and divinity, while at present the claims of authors, editors, lecturers, teachers, engineers, chemists, inventors, architects, and other artists, together with the better class of soldiers and politicians, are equally valid for recognition among the professions. In view of this vast segregation of aims, it is manifestly impossible for a modern to become in any worthy degree a "general" student; and after a preliminary elementary education of the common schools, it should be the duty of the parent to recognize the natural bent of the child, and develop that alone, allowing, but solely as subordinate and subsidiary, collateral studies, as the sole way to render the man useful to his day and generation. Accordingly, he objects to the usual collegiate routine as necessitating a waste of time, in most instances upon subjects irrelevant to future vocations. He does not deny the advantages of the "Exemplaria Græca" to scholars of leisure,

aiming to adorn their own literature; but he will not admit that this is the scope of a national system of education. It is a cumbrous burden for the mass of students, the fruit of a persistent conservatism of a privileged order in England, from whom we borrow it, and not, or only incidentally, and at most correlatively, adapted to make men of mark for our working-day world. He does not doubt the usual rejoinder, that the dead languages are valuable for disciplinary service, but thinks that can be more cheaply attained by other means, and instances men of the greatest value to the world who prove that with other discipline than that they could do their great mission. He thinks it gratuitous to suppose they could have done better with the addition of the classical discipline, and believes, himself, the contrary. In fine, his address is a protest against the classics as an exclusive instrument of culture, and a plea to put them by the side of several other schemes, as joint instrumentalities in making the man of culture, and of giving them a subordinate position, if not ignoring them, in making a man of practical use in the world.

Professor Atkinson goes into the question as an adept. There happened to be in the early volumes of the "Cornhill Magazine" a number of severe strictures on the methods of study pursued at Eton, and they led, in 1861, to the appointment of a parliamentary committee to investigate the matter in connection with that and sundry other of the great schools of the kingdom. The work was done thoroughly, and the report published in 1864; and with this Professor Atkinson deals largely in his lecture. He figures to himself what he should imagine would be the intellectual condition of a young Englishman just leaving one of these schools, either for the university or the world; and having such a country as England for his heritage, and such an age to live in as the nineteenth century, he fancies that, if not proficient, he should be passingly well grounded in the elements of natural philosophy, and have some acquaintance with ordinary physical phenomena, and understand the use of common apparatus and the processes of the laboratory; and as one of the ruling class, destined perhaps to be a legislator, he should know the rudiments of the sciences that have given his country its greatness; should be somewhat versed in history, politics, the laws of wealth, geography, his native language and literature, not to speak of other modern languages. He then tells us that an examination of this report—and he cites the testimony—shows that these branches are either not taught at all, or very carelessly in some small degree; that at Eton, the worst and most aristocratic of them, boys attend, not to learn, but to form connections; and that at Rugby some approximation is made to this end, making it the best of them. A head master of one of these schools testifies that a scientific fact is a mere nothing so far as producing any effect upon a boy's mind, and this in spite of the fact that the great advances of civilization for the last century have sprung from the influence, often very early in life, that naked and pre-established facts have produced upon the mind! Such pedantry is a fit commentary on a system that does not recognize that the observing faculties develop before the reflective, and that nature by this points out precedence in educational courses.

To the exclusion of all the branches of education that Professor Atkinson thinks desirable, the English system, of course, fosters the Greek and Latin languages primarily, and subordinately the mathematics; and to the inquiry if this course produces good classical scholars, after so much of sacrifice, the report in question sets forth that it does not; that tolerably good scholarship in that direction is very rare; and Professor Atkinson, admitting the classics to be a good training, if not a complete one, comes to the conclusion that, through faulty processes of instruction, the good they might produce is in a measure neutralized, as might be expected of a system which sets youths to translating into one language, that they have not studied, words from another that they do not comprehend the meaning of. This would lead us to anticipate at this day a fast receding influence of the "liberally" educated classes in England, and prepare us for the statement as Professor Atkinson gives it—that the British aristocracy are as a body not well educated. It also accounts for Lord Lyndhurst's reminiscences in 1855, that when he first knew the House of Commons one half of its members were always university men, and that he had lived to see hardly more than a sixth in that category!

The conclusions our author comes to are, first, that the strictly classical system ignores the great differences of mental characteristics, and foists upon all alike a course adapted only to a few; secondly, that it is a system originating in a past age, when the conditions of knowl-

edge were very different, and that every system should be revised with every new condition; thirdly, that it is the garniture merely of a privileged class, and ill adapted for the working world, while it is sustained by manifold sinecures, like fellowships, which can only be reached through it, and which are so many premiums offered to induce competitive aims through it, and without which it would be of little vitality.

The report of the commissioners was quite in accordance; and, while they admit that too much acquisition of knowledge with too little discipline may make superficial schoolmasters, it was certainly apparent to them that the reverse made very ignorant ones. In regard to disciplinary studies, Prof. Atkinson does not admit that their value is in exact inverse ratio to their practical value, but believes one study may subserve both ends. At the same time he admits that, in the controversy in past times, the classicists have made the better argumentative show because they were careful to draw their examples from the past, and ignored the new conditions of the present, and did not confound mere acquisition with education, as their opponents did, who, at the same time, failed to place their line of defense solely, as it should be, in the comparative fitness of the two systems in expanding the mental powers.

I have had in view only to give the main points of aggression in this renewed warfare upon an old system. Whether for good or bad, the tendency with us is undoubtedly in the direction these gentlemen favor. There is, of course, a class making a good fight against it, but I have not space this week to enter upon this phase of the controversy.

W.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL REFORMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: I read your article entitled "How to rescue the fallen," and was not only surprised but shocked at its revelations. Having been a resident of New York for some years, I had been led to suspect that there was a considerable number of females here of doubtful reputation. In fact, I have not unfrequently met finely-dressed women on the streets, particularly towards night-fall, whose manners were, to say the least, of an indelicate character. But really, sir, your statistics appall me. The machinery of figures never wrought out a sadder result than you have announced, that "in modern civil-

ized communities one woman out of every sixty becomes" impure.

This statement, in so well informed and accurate a journal as THE ROUND TABLE, challenges attention and seems to have strong corroboration in the recent report of the Police Commissioners, in its allusion to the 1,200 "pretty waiter girls" that nightly serve beer in our fashionable casinos.

I am really alarmed for the morals of our boasted city, and think it high time that all good citizens were aroused to the duty of protecting ourselves from a danger that you manifestly show is worse than the pestilence. For if such be the depravity of the women in our midst, how long can we expect to save our male population from a corresponding degeneracy? If we build "homes" for abandoned women on West Houston Street, and that expedient do not arrest the evil, how long before we shall have to build "homes" for ruined men on Mercer Street?

But shall we be able to save our men after they have once become victims of our social sirens? Had we not better try to keep our fellows from falling, and spend less thought about picking them up when down? I am not learned in statistics, Mr. Editor, but I venture the opinion that the time, counsel, and money necessary to reform one rake would prove sufficient to preserve ten young men trembling on the verge of ruin:

— "Facilis descensus Avernì,
Sed revocare gradum, hic labor, hoc opus est."

The latter line of my classic is especially appropriate in describing the difficulty of social reform such as we are now discussing. To its wisdom let me add the English proverb: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

It is quite clear that something must be done. We cannot permit so many thousand depraved women to roam at will through the city, destroying the virtue of our young men and throwing their chilly glamour over so many domestic firesides. For not only will our men become enervate through fear (or folly), but strangers may hear of the dangers that will beset them from our aggressive sirens and learn to shun our borders.

The "Home" in West Houston Street may, probably, prove a good institution, though I should have thought better of its location away from the shadowy haunts that girls are to be weaned from. But I do not quite perceive the wisdom of allowing our young men to be bitten by a serpent, and then quieting our consciences by rare efforts to extract the poison. Had we not better try to

keep them out of harm's way? Had we not better build "Homes" for helpless young men who find themselves alone in the city and pursued by dangerous persons of the female sex? Let an advertising fund be raised, and every morning in the year let an advertisement like this be printed in the newspapers and posted on the walls:

"Any young man suddenly thrown out of business in the city, or being disappointed of obtaining employment on reaching the city, and wishing to 'go home,' may rely on safe counsel and assistance at the headquarters of the Male Protection Society, where he should immediately apply."

Do you not believe, sir, that an average of a hundred a day of innocent young men might be rescued from temptation by a well-executed scheme of this kind? But if we issue no daily call to these helpless wanderers, what shall save them from the hospitable doors of the "women of the town?" And when that sort of a person has once inveigled a trustful member of our sex in her toils, how can we hope to win him back to virtue's ways by the cheerless offer of a "Home" on West Houston Street?

A DOUBTING REFORMER.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Personal Reminiscences of the Life and Times of Gardiner Spring, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New York. 1866. 2 vols. Pp. 348, 293.

MOORE, WILSTACH & BALDWIN, Cincinnati.—The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators. Compiled and arranged by Benn Pitman. 1865. Pp. 423.

DERBY & MILLER, New York.—The Life and Public Services of Andrew Johnson. By John Savage. 1866. Pp. 130 and xix.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Harper's Weekly: A Journal of Civilization. Vol. IX. 1865.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Herman; or, Young Knighthood. By E. Foxton. 1866. 2 vols. Pp. 416, 391.

JOHN E. POTTER, Philadelphia.—The White Rocks; or, The Robbers' Den. By A. F. Hill. 1866. Pp. 390.

WILLIAM WHITE & Co., Boston.—The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man Scientifically Considered. By Hudson Tuttle. 1866. Pp. 258.

NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army. 1866. Pp. 390.

The Phenomena of Plant Life. By Leo H. Grindon. 1866. Pp. 93.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Illustrated Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. By C. W. Denison. 1866. Pp. 197.

Rosnoke; or, Where is Utopia? By C. H. Wiley. 1866. Pp. 156.

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"He was the first man who asserted the independency of the colonies upon the supreme authority of the kingdom."—Gov. Hutchinson's reply to the questions of George III. concerning Samuel Adams.

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Boulevard! Boulevard!! Boulevard!!!

The very mention of the wonderful organ of Seville, in Spain, will cause a thrill of delight in the heart of every traveler who has been so fortunate as to listen to its wondrous tones. Its power over the senses and its effect on the mind cannot be described; at one moment it resembles the flute-like notes of the human voice, and again it bursts forth in a tempest of power, and resembles, more than words can convey, a raging storm at sea; and above and amid the wild refrain the ear clearly catches in sweetest notes the music of birds. Something like this has been the effect of the ringing notes, "Le Boulevard." From shore to shore above the ocean's roar is heard in sweetest notes, "Le Boulevard." From the gay and beautiful capital of the world's fashions it comes to the ladies of the *meilleur monde* in America. Suddenly as a flash from a cloudless sky it has illumined the land. From every section, and even from the islands of the tropics, the reverberations resound, rolling back the call for Boulevard.

Ladies of America! it is a talisman. It is Thomson's crowning masterpiece in crinoline! Its trade-mark is a royal crown. Its train is pronounced peerless. Ask at Arnold's, in Canal Street, and at Elger's, 830 Broadway, for "Boulevard en acier elastique."

Merchants of America, send to the oldest and largest manufacturers of crinoline in the world for Boulevard, with patent French yoke.

W. S. THOMSON, LANGDON & CO.,

Importers French Corsets and Manufacturers Crown Skirts,

391 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.